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SKETCHES OF CORSICA.

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SKETCHES

OF

CORSICA;

OR, A

JOURNAL WRITTEN DURING A VISIT TO THAT ISLAND, IN 1823.

WITH AN OUTLINE OF ITS HISTORY,

AND

SPECIMENS OF THE LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ROBERT BENSON, M.A. F.L.S.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD ARUNDELL,

OF WARDOUR,

COUNT OF THE SACRED ROMAN EMPIRE,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS DEVOTED SERVANT AND SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

BUSINESS of a public nature, and not mere amusement, was the cause of my visiting Corsica. Whilst in the island I spent my leisure moments in forming the present little work, which was originally intended only as a private memorial of six weeks very agreeably passed. I am now induced to lay it before the public, and I joyfully seize this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to the natives, as well as to the French Authorities of the island, for the kindness which I uniformly received from them. Where all were so attentive to my wants, it seems an invidious task to particularise: but I cannot help mentioning the accomplished M. Cottard of Ajaccio, whose name I am proud of including in the list of my most esteemed friends.

LINCOLN'S INN,
Aug. 1. 1825.

SKETCHES

OF

CORSICA.

SECTION I.

We entered the Gulf of Ajaccio on the morning of the 23d of October, 1823. It would be difficult to fancy a finer scene than here presented itself; the sea was of a dark blue, its rocky boundary assumed, as we advanced, the wildest and most romantic shapes, whilst the sun, lighting up some of the projecting masses, gave them a grand appearance. At a little past eight in the evening, our boat was at the foot of the stairs leading to the quay of the city. Before we were allowed to land, our *billets de santé* were examined. The novelty of our language, coupled with the cry of "Inglesi" repeated by the sailors, attracted a great crowd

of people, whilst the public functionary perused our billets as carefully as if we had arrived in a Turkish vessel from Smyrna; one of our Corsican sailors held each billet in his hand until the officer with an immense pair of spectacles, leaning his head forward about two feet from the paper, here satisfied himself as to its contents.

We were all much fatigued on our arrival at the Hôtel de la Croix de Malte. This, coupled with wretched cheer during our voyage in the Corsican bombard la Jeanette, made us impatient for refreshment. No sooner were we seated at our meal than the Garçon came in with a string of interrogatories long enough to excite the surprise of a chancery lawyer. In answer to the enquiry as to the object of our visit to the island, we wrote hastily "Sur nos affaires:" this was too concise, for the Garçon quickly returned, stating that it was necessary to be more explicit, and that M. le Commandant was below. The Lieutenant Colonel of a Battalion the 53d Regiment of French Infantry then presented himself, and was informed that our visit related to the late General Paoli's bequests to the island of Corsica. After many reciprocal bowings, we were no further molested until the next day, when a municipal officer came with a set of

similar interrogatories, the answers to which he very scrupulously noted down from our dictation.

October 25th. We strolled about Ajaccio. The general plan of the town is very simple. One broad street leads from the sea to the barracks; another nearly as wide, but much shorter, cuts the former at right angles; besides these, there are many subordinate streets extremely narrow and dirty.

The house in which Napoleon Buonaparte was born, is among the best in the town; it forms one side of a miserable little court, leading out of the Rue Charles.*

* As there has been much controversy respecting the right mode of spelling Buonaparte's name, and the precise time of his birth, I give on the authority of the Baron de Beaumont, a *literal* copy from the 5th page of the Register of Ajaccio, containing the record of his baptism:—

" *Battesimo* } L' anno mille settecento settant'uno a'
" *Napoleon* } vent'uno Luglio si sono adoprate le sacre
" *Bonaparte.* } ceremonie e preci, per me infratto economo,
" sopra di Napoleone figlio nato di legmo matrimonio dal
" Sig^r Carlo Bonaparte, del fù Sig^re Gius^e, e dalla
" Sig^ra Mrā Letizia sua moglie alquale gli fù data laqua
" in casa dal Mlt^o R. Luciano Bonaparte di licenza e
" nato li quindici agosto mille settecento sessanta nove ed
" hanno assistito alle sacre ceremonie per padrino l'illmo
" Lorenzo Giubega di Calvi Procuratore del Re e per

It is very accurately given in the recent work of Las Cases. At present it is inhabited by M. Ramoulino, one of the deputies for the department of Corsica. Among other curiosities which this residence contains, is a little cannon that was the favourite plaything of Buonaparte's childhood. It weighs, according to M. Joly de Vaubignon, thirty French pounds. This toy cannon may have given the first bias to his disposition. As Ajaccio was his birth-place, so was it the scene of his first military exploit. In the year 1793, Buonaparte, then Chef de Bataillon of National Guards, was sent from Bastia to surprise Ajaccio, at that time in possession of the Corsican rebels. Leaving the frigate in which he had entered the gulf, he headed fifty men, and put off to take possession of the Torre di Capitello, a tower on the opposite side and nearly facing Ajaccio. No sooner was this point carried than a dreadful tempest arose, which

---

" mad[a] la Sig[a] Mr̄a Geltruda moglie del Sig[r] Nicolo Para-
" visino. Presente il Pr̄e quali unitamente a *me si sono*
" sottocritti.

" Gio̅ Batt̄a Diamante economo d'Ajaccio.
" Lorenzo Giubega
" Geltrude Paravicina
" Carlo Buonaparte."

rendered it impossible to return to the frigate. He was forced, therefore, to fortify himself against the insurgents, who assailed him on all sides; a state of great danger ensued, and he was even reduced to feed on horse flesh; whilst in this condition, he is said to have harangued the rebels in that strain of emphatical eloquence which prevails amongst the Corsicans, and to have succeeded in gaining over many of the opposite party. On the fourth day, before he abandoned the tower, he attempted to blow it up, without success. The fissures still apparent in the tower are attributable to that attempt.

October 26th, Sunday. I attended the "Messe Militaire" at the Cathedral. This exhibition certainly did not please me. The church was crowded to excess, and the great body of the congregation presented an appearance of much devotion; but a double file of soldiers, fully accoutred, performing stated evolutions at different parts of the Mass, impaired the solemnity of the service. During the elevation of the Host, the noise of muskets, and the covered heads of the soldiery, were disagreeably contrasted with the silent deportment and reverential attitudes of the rest of the congregation. The "Agnus Dei" and other parts of the Mass performed by a military band were quite out of character.

We dined at the Hôtel de la Préfecture, with the Préfect, the Vicomte de Suleau. Here we met the chief civil and military authorities of Ajaccio; and the party seemed to vie with each other in showing us attention. The health of the King of England was drank.

October 28th. I took an early morning walk over the hills to the left of the road leading to Corte. The soil consists entirely of decomposed granite, blended with the remains of vegetable matter. The dew had been so excessive, as to give the ground the appearance resulting from a heavy fall of rain, and the plants were all dripping. The cactus, myrtle, arbutus, cytisus, clematis, daphne, and a variety of other shrubs and plants, were growing wild in great abundance; a very beautiful species of cyclamen was in flower in the midst of this natural shrubbery. During the spring, the perfume arising from the wild vegetation of the island is said to be quite oppressive. By spring, I mean the early part of the year, for cold weather is unknown at Ajaccio; a few flakes of snow, which appear at intervals of fifteen or twenty years, are considered as a phenomenon. A large palm tree growing without artificial protection, near the Préfecture, evinces

the character of the climate; even on this day the heat was too oppressive to allow us to venture out again before the evening. The unhealthy season at Ajaccio is reckoned to be from the beginning of July to the end of September. During six months in the year, there is scarcely any rain. The military suffer most, particularly young conscripts; of a battalion of 500 men, at least half, as the Colonel tells me, are now in the hospital afflicted with fevers, some of so malignant a cast, that the patient dies after four days.

The Corsicans tell you, that bad wounds in the arms and legs are scarcely ever cured; those on the head easily. Amputation, therefore, of a limb is frequent. I galled my hand rowing a few days ago; it would have been healed in England by this time, but it is now in a state of violent inflammation, and requires much attending to. I learnt at the Préfecture, that eight assassinations occurred within the last week. The death of two men in consequence of a dispute about a little plot of ground was one of the cases mentioned. The circumstances were these: two landholders having contiguous possessions, disputed about the limits of them; one dared the other to advance beyond the line

he had marked, the latter instantly overstepped the boundary, each fired at his adversary, and each received a mortal wound.

November 1st. I took a very interesting walk along the shore towards the Isle Sanguiniere. At about a mile from Ajaccio, one meets with two square stone pillars, the remains of a doorway leading up to a dilapidated country house, formerly the property of Cardinal Fesch. The path or rather grassy road by which you approach the house, is perhaps an eighth of a mile long, and is bounded on each side by the cactus which grows luxuriantly here, and by other pretty shrubs. This house was generally the summer residence of Madame Buonaparte and her family. The garden is on the right as you cross a lawn to enter the house, and still contains vestiges of its former beauty; lemons and oranges in profusion were hanging from the same trees. On the opposite side of the house are neglected shrubberies. Surrounded almost by the wild olive, the cactus, the clematis, and the almond is a very singular and isolated granite rock, called Napoleon's Grotto, which seems to have resisted the decomposition that has taken place in the neighbouring masses.

The remains of a sort of summer house be-

neath the rock are still visible, the entrance to it is nearly closed by a very luxuriant figtree.* It was once Napoleon's favourite retreat, in which he followed his studies during the vacation allowed by the College of Brienne. The house is situated on an eminence, and commands a fine view of the gulf as well as the town. The view of Ajaccio in this work is taken from nearly the same direction.†

November 4th. I visited the public library of Ajaccio; the collection of books appeared respectable; the good old priest, the librarian, was very anxious I should look over the large work on Egypt, published by the authority of the French Government about twenty years ago. How strikingly the traces of French and English influence differ; had Ajaccio been under our government for nearly half a century, there would have been good roads in its neighbourhood; the streets would have been kept clean; a common sewer would have been made; and the villagers around, instead of ploughing with a stick like half an anchor, would have been supplied with good ploughs. The French begin with a library, a museum, a collection of coins and Etruscan vases, and leave the inter-

* See the title page. † See the frontispiece.

nal comfort and arrangement of their towns to chance.

November 5th. This day was spent in arrangements for proceeding to the interior. We had all sorts of contradictory counsels; some warning us not to travel without a military escort, others assuring us there was no danger in traversing the island unprotected. We determined on dispensing with the attendance of soldiery.

November 6th. We arose when the Caserne clock struck six, and at a little past seven we started.

The horse of the island is a small animal, very sure-footed, and therefore well adapted to so mountainous and almost roadless a country. Our saddles and bridles were like those in pictures of Wouvermans; my saddle was of wood covered with blue velvet. Independently of myself, our cavalcade consisted of three Englishmen, two of whom were my brother commissioners, a French gentleman, and two Corsican guides, besides a couple of mules charged with our *sacs de nuit* and provisions; two Corsicans, who were going a little way into the interior, also joined our convoy. Thus we bade adieu to Ajaccio. As you quit the town, the first object that presents itself is a little fountain on

the left, which, except the pavement of the quay, is the only public work of Buonaparte for the place of his birth: a few steps further on, to the right, we observed some pillars erected by the English, as the commencement of an intended arsenal: you then come to remains of Moorish tombs on the opposite side. All these objects are within a short walk of the town, as you journey along with the sea on your right; for Ajaccio is not built at the end of the gulf.

About two miles from Ajaccio, the road crosses a stone bridge of a single arch over one of the numerous rivulets that, rising in the mountains, fall into the gulf; here, taking a sudden turn to the left, it recedes from the sea to lead into the interior. A fine view of the Campo di Loro now presents itself, a fertile plain that runs along at the end of the Gulf of Ajaccio. It is a tract of country much celebrated in Corsican history.

On the left, as you proceed, appears a hill called Pozzo di Borgo, after the Russian ambassador, who was born in the little village of Alata, a very pretty object close to the hill. The estate of the Ramoulino family, the maternal ancestors of Buonaparte, is also visible on the same side; while in the distance are seen the mountains of Bocognano, and beyond those

Monte d'Oro and Monte Rotondo now covered with snow.

Although we saw winter before us, still, in this fertile plain, the commencement of the Campo di Loro, the weather was not only mild but even warm. The larks were singing, young lambs were bleating, the ground was covered with grass and shrubs in leaf; and we could hardly persuade ourselves that it was November. The dogs that accompanied us disturbed, every moment, quails, thrushes, and partridges. As we advanced, we were shown, to the left, a little family estate of the Buonapartes, which during Napoleon's reign became divisible, by the French law, amongst himself and his brothers and sisters. An olive orchard fell to the Emperor's share. Near this, and about six miles from Ajaccio, situated on an eminence, are the remains of the convent of Mezzana; a spot celebrated in the history of the wars between Corsica and France. Hither the Corsicans, after fighting by day, retreated for many successive nights, to prepare themselves for a fresh battle. Very handsome cork trees occasionally appeared on our road, whilst the wild shrubberies, by the natives called "máquis *,"

* This term is generally applied to the patches of wild vegetation, so common in the island. It seems to be a corruption of the Italian word *macchia*.

clothed great parts of the country through which we passed; forming a beautiful contrast to the naked granitic rocks, which here and there protruded themselves. These pretty covers consist, for the most part, of the arbutus, loaded at the same time with blossoms and fruit, the lentisque (*Pistacia lentiscus*), the daphne cneorum, erica arborea, and the juniper; while the leaves of the iris, the asphodel, and various bulbous plants, shot out in different patches. We noticed, also, an aromatic plant, bearing a yellow flower, and called by the natives "morella." Some of the ravines through which we passed, frequently were so picturesque as to induce me to stop a little, whilst our companions proceeded on. On these occasions our excellent French friend would say, "We had better keep together, for we are then safer." I remember this, particularly after passing a torrent, and coming to the ravine of Chiameso.

At about eleven o'clock, and about twelve miles from Ajaccio, we came to a hovel called La Baraque, because it serves to lodge a small body of gens d'armes against whom the Corsican bandits wage continual war. We did not attempt to enter this wretched hut; our horses were tied up to posts, whilst we sat down under

a large figtree to breakfast. The place afforded half-a-dozen eggs, which were soon converted into an omlet; and this, with the contents of our hamper, enabled us to make a hearty meal. Each of us carried, slung across his shoulders, a Corsican gourd bottle containing wine, and instead of glasses we had little leathern vessels which shut up like a cocked hat; with these travellers in the interior generally provide themselves.

After breakfast, we proceeded amidst rocks and wild shrubberies, similar to those which are to be met with throughout the interior. A less cheering object than the verdure around us now presented itself, namely the ruins of a house, the inmates of which (even to the infant in the cradle) had fallen victims to one of those dreadful family feuds common in the island.*

* What Tacitus has said of the feuds of Germany, and the conduct of the German women, is strictly true of Corsica:—

"Quodque præcipuum fortitudinis incitamentum est, non casus, nec fortuita conglobatio turmam aut cuneum facit, sed familiæ et propinquitates: et in proximo pignora: unde feminarum ululatus audiri, unde vagitus infantium: hi cuique sanctissimi testes, hi maximi laudatores. Ad matres, ad conjuges vulnera ferunt: nec illæ numerare aut exigere plagas, pavent. Cibosque et hortamina pugnantibus gestant."—*De Mor. Germ.* c. 7.

Approaching the mountain of Ucciano, covered with snow, we crossed a handsome granite bridge, thrown over a stream which takes its name from the mountain: opposite to the Ucciano, is the Taveta, another lofty eminence. We had been gradually rising from the shore of Ajaccio, and we gradually found the change of temperature. At length we came in view of the extensive forest belonging to Signor Bonelli, in the wild and romantic neighbourhood of Bocognano, where we were to halt for the night. Bocognano is at the foot of Monte d'Oro, and consists of ten hamlets, or knots of houses*, embosomed in a forest of chesnut trees of surprising size and of the most picturesque forms. These hamlets are scattered very capriciously: the houses are built of unwrought stone, and do not exceed two stories; very few of them are glazed; perhaps none except those of Signor Bonelli and the *curé* and *juge de paix*, and chimneys are here a great rarity. Bocognano is about 800 toises above the level of the sea. It would, I believe, afford a romance writer more subjects for his pen in one week, than the whole of England in a year.

* "Vicos locant, non in nostrum morem, connexis et cohærentibus ædificiis: suam quisque domum spatio circumdat," &c.—*Tac. de Mor. Germ.* c. 16.

The most desperate characters of the island live in this neighbourhood. The hovel, called an albergo, kept by a person of the same name with the great man of Bocognano, was my sleeping place. An ordinary ladder served for a stair-case to my apartment; for window it had merely an opening in the wall secured by wooden shutters. One of my companions could not procure a bed, and he slept on chairs. In the middle of the night, a brother traveller who had taken charge of our heavy luggage arrived with a military escort, conducting the letter courier. My friend only stopped a short time at the albergo to refresh himself, and then proceeded with the soldiers towards Corte. In this wild spot, Bocognano, there is an officer's guard which is occasionally relieved. To be stationed even in the best quarters of Corsica is considered by the French regiments a sort of exile; but the solitary military positions that are scattered about the island terribly depress the spirits of the officers and soldiers who are so unfortunate to be posted there. I have extracted from the Journal du département de la Corse, an account of an assassination which took place in our very supper room, about a fortnight before our arrival.*

* "Il 22 Ottobre, li Signori *Salvatore* e *Pietro*, fratelli *Tavera*, e *Paolo Caselli*, tutti di Valle di Mezzana, che

November 7th. Fatigue is an excellent opiate: for all the horrors of Bocognano did not prevent me from sleeping very soundly. At six o'clock, I awoke, and prepared for proceeding towards Corte. Just before we mounted our horses, a Corsican came into the room where I was, and advancing towards me, said, in broken French, "Sir, I understand your visit to Corsica is on the subject of the late General Paoli's will. I am the brother of one of the persons to whom the General bequeathed a legacy. I believe, sir, he was never paid it; and, if so, I hope you will recollect that I am entitled." He then added, "The road to Corte is dangerous; but I will accompany you, with your permission, and then you need not fear." The Corsican had no sooner finished his address, than our French companion said to him, with great presence of mind, "I think you have not made yourself quite understood, I will explain your

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rendevansi in Bastia, dove erano chiamati in testimonianza, essendosi fermati in Bocognano in casa del Sig. *Giuseppe Bonelli*, locandiere, per passarvi la notte, al momento in cui trovansi presso del focolare senza lume, un individuo, che nessuno ha potuto conoscere, s' avvicinò a loro e tirò un colpo di pistola sulla persona del Sig. *Salvatore Tavera*, chè lo stese morto sul luogo. Il colpevole prese subito la fuga."

case." I was then taken aside, and strongly recommended to be civil to the Corsican, and to accept his offer to accompany us.

He was one of the most desperate characters in the neighbourhood of Bocognano; and was a valuable ally, or a dangerous enemy. I took my friend's advice; and the Corsican having run to his hut, filled his pockets with chesnuts, and taken his gun and powder-belt, came and joined our cavalcade.

You leave the village, or rather the chief hamlet, of Bocognano by a causeway and bridge erected over a very broad torrent. On a hill, towards the left, stand the village church and a few other buildings, in the midst of a grove of chesnuts. Ascending the hill, the view back towards Bocognano was enchanting: lofty snow-topped mountains, extensive groves, rocks, and torrents, all of the wildest kind, were the chief objects. The smoke of the village, rising among the chesnuts, was almost the only thing that associated man with the scene. Our road, blasted by gunpowder, continued along the sides of mountains; every projecting point varying the prospect. The frightful depth of the valley below, here and there patched with cultivation, made us sometimes shudder; whilst pine trees, which now

began to show themselves standing in much more alarming situations, seemed to reprove our cowardice. Such is the country about Bocognano. We now quitted the favourite soil of the chesnut; and, near a natural pyramid of granite, we reached a wooden bridge, at a place called Ellerotti. The torrent, over which the bridge is laid, seems almost choked by fragments of rock, that have rolled down from the Taveta. This part of our journey presented the most gloomy and sublime scenery: dusky points of rock protruded themselves through the snowy surface of the mountains; the hollows were filled with black pines; whilst a curtain of mist hung over their summits. A short mile further, we had a very commanding view down the valley, towards Ajaccio, and soon afterwards entered a forest of beech: then passing between the Taveta on our right, and Monte d' Oro on our left, we reached a small mossy flat, interspersed with snow and ice, apparently the highest point of our journey.

In this dismal position is a fort called the fort of Vizzavona, surrounded by a fosse. Here a solitary raven hovered over our heads, and heightened amazingly the dreary effect of the scene. We now soon entered the celebrated

forest of Vizzavona, which did not disappoint us, even after the eulogies passed on it by the natives. The pine (*Pinus Lariccio*)* is its sole occupant, frequently reaching to the height of from 100 to 120 feet. Of the wild forests of the island, this and that of Aitona are the chief. The branches of the pinus lariccio are mostly confined to its top, while the trunk appears one unbroken column. Spread over large tracts of country, with foliage interlaced so as to be almost impervious to the sun, the pines convey the idea of a magnificent temple, the intercolumned perspective of which the traveller attempts in

* I here insert an extract from Theophrastus, on the pines of Corsica, and on the ship carrying fifty sails that the Romans seem to have built of them: —

Αὐτὰ δὲ τὰ ξύλα τῷ μήκει θαυμαστὰ, καὶ ἄοζα, καὶ λεία. μέγιζα δὲ καὶ παρὰ πολὺ τὰ ἐν τῇ Κύρνῳ φασὶν εἶναι· τῶν γὰρ ἐν τῇ Λατίνῃ καλῶν γινομένων ὑπερβολῇ, καὶ τῶν ἐλατίνων καὶ τῶν πευκίνων, μείζω ταῦτα καὶ καλλίω τῶν Ἰταλικῶν οὐδὲν γὰρ εἶναι πρὸς τὰ ἐν τῇ Κύρνῳ· πλεῦσαι γάρ ποτέ τοὺς Ῥωμαίους βουλομένους κατασκευάσασθαι πόλιν ἐν τῇ νήσῳ, πέντε καὶ εἴκοσι ναυσί· καὶ τηλικοῦτον εἶναι τὸ μέγεθος τῶν δένδρων, ὥστε πλεόντων εἰς κόλπους τινὰς καὶ λιμένας διασχιζέσθαι τοὺς ἱστοὺς ἐπὶ τὸν πυχνόν· καὶ ὅλως πᾶσαν τὴν νῆσον δασεῖαν, καὶ ὥσπερ ἠγριωμένην, τῇ ὕλῃ· διὸ καὶ ἀποστῆναι τὴν πόλιν οἰκίζειν· διαβάντας δέ τινας ἀποτέμνεσθαι πάμπολυ πλῆθος ἐκ τόπου βραχέος, ὥστε τηλικαύτην ποιῆσαι σχεδίαν, ὡς ἑλκύσαι πεντηκοντὰ ἱστίοις· οὐ μὴν ἀλλὰ διαπεσεῖν αὐτὴν ἐν τῷ πελάγει.—*Hist. Plant.* lib. v. cap. 8. edit. Stackhouse.

vain to penetrate. Connecting this appearance with the wild scenery around, the murmuring of waters, and the bandit tales associated with the forest, as well as the wooden crosses bearing dates indicative of recent assassinations, the forest of Vizzavona becomes an object of terrific interest. From this region the French navy derives its finest masts. We passed about 50 men employed in drawing along a huge pine. They made much noise and little progress. The agents of the French government employed in the forest have not a very enviable situation. One of them whom we addressed said it was an enterprize about which "il s'inquietoit beaucoup." We proceeded with Monte d' Oro on our left, from near the summit of which a cascade was issuing, which might be merely a fall of water occasioned by the partial melting of the snow: it had the appearance of water gushing out of the rock. Descending through the forest, we arrived about one o'clock at a miserable albergo, at the foot of the mountains: this spot is called La Mortella.

The reader will form a notion our inn, by fancying four rude stone walls, with a roof of planks, kept in their places by superincumbent stones. We entered this charming hotel, after having

tied our horses to trees and posts that were near. Although there was the appearance of a chimney, we found the landlord's wife in the middle of the kitchen, if it may be so called, attending to the fire that was there made on the earthen floor; the smoke issued from the house, either by the door or any other opening; several fine little children were circling round the fire. We partook of luncheon in a second apartment, sitting round a very rude table, on ruder stools. In a corner of our room was a great heap of chesnuts, some of them roasted formed one of our dishes, beside which, our repast consisted of ham, brown bread, goat's milk cheese, apples, almonds, and Corsican wine; our own hamper was reduced to the remnant of a sausage. We all made a very hearty meal, and after a halt of a couple of hours mounted our horses. Leaving La Mortella, we again came to a chesnut district, and traversed a grove of these trees, arranged as in an English park; and further on arrived in sight of Vivario, consisting of five hamlets. Although the village is placed on an eminence, we looked down upon it; we proceeded, and passed several danger-boding crosses, and then along patches of tobacco and flax, until we entered Vivario. Almost all the Corsican villages are situated on eminences, as was the case with the

ancient British ones, of which the spade discovers remains in the high points of the Wiltshire downs. Villages so situated in whatever country, evidence either an ancient site, or an insecure state of society: for valleys are the source of agricultural riches, and man, except for security, would not so separate himself from the necessaries of life. The Abbé Germanes, by counting each knot of houses, has erroneously described Corsica as possessing 427 villages.

Leaving Vivario, we heard from the lips of the poor Curé, that the celebrated bandit chieftain Gallucchio * and his followers were in the máquis of a range of mountains, to our right, and from which we were only separated by a ravine. The Curé was busy in his vineyard when we passed, but as soon as he recognised our French companion he left his work a few moments to

* The following extract is taken from the "Journal du Département de la Corse," of Nov. 8. 1823:—

"Il 25 ottobre, i Signori *Giacomo Giovanni Duriani*, di Pietreto, e *Stefano Muraccioli*, di Muracciole, sono stati uccisi alla spiaggia di Vivario dai banditi *Gambine*, *Gallucchio* e *Massimi*. La giandarmeria essendosi messa in ricerca di quei malfattori, è stata da essi assalita in un' imboscata che avevano formata fra la spiaggia di Vivario e quella di Pietreto. Il giandarme *Peraldi* è stato ucciso in quest' affare."

There are several other notices of a similar kind.

join us, "Sir," said he, addressing himself to M. Cottard, "I feel myself in imminent danger; Gallucchio and his band are in yonder mountains, and only a few evenings ago, I received a peremptory messuage from him, requiring 300 francs, and threatening my speedy assassination should I delay many days to comply with his demand. I have not the money, and I have sent for some military to protect me." With all the outrages of which Gallucchio and his followers are guilty, he is by no means devoid of moral feeling, and is quite a polished character when he enters into private society, as I learnt from a French gentleman who had met him at breakfast at the house of a mutual acquaintance. My friend, when he found himself in such company, naturally betrayed a little alarm, but Gallucchio reassured him, saying, "You and yours have nothing to fear at my hands." I should add that this gentleman has the supreme direction of the public instruction of the Corsicans, which Gallucchio knew; indeed the people generally are so anxious for education, and set so high a value on its advantages, that there is no part of the island which my friend does not traverse in safety. His office protects him from every attack. To return to Gallucchio, I am really afraid to extract from my notes many of the wild adventures of this Corsican Rob Roy.

Not long since, a shepherd personating him violated a female peasant. The chieftain soon obtained information of the gross outrage that had been committed on his character, and finding the shepherd, took him before the Mayor of Bagniola, and this at a time when Gallucchio had six sentences of death hanging over him. At the chieftain's instigation, the shepherd was compelled to espouse the poor girl. Gallucchio, after the marriage had been solemnised, said to the shepherd, "Remember that you make a good husband. I shall keep a watchful eye over your conduct; and, should I learn that your wife receives any maltreatment from you, yourself and your family shall pay with their lives for your misconduct." The man little attended to Gallucchio's warning. The chieftain adhered to his threat; and the shepherd with his father, and several other members of the same family, fell victims.

It was shortly after one of his most desperate exploits, that my friend was cast into his company. He appeared composed, his manners were exceedingly easy, and no one could have conceived so peaceable an exterior enclosed so rugged an heart. On quitting Vivario, we were recommended to keep together; we heard the dogs of the banditti barking, thereby acquaint-

ing their masters that a cavalcade was on the road, but we met with no molestation; indeed, as we learned, unarmed travellers are seldom in danger, and even are often courteously received by these desperate characters. They make war chiefly on the police, and on those who give information that may lead to their discovery; and when no gens-d'armes are near, they securely join in the society of their countrymen. Soon after we left Vivario, we came to a torrent, over which is a wooden bridge called "Ponte Vecchio." The military road and the bridge were in such a state, that we were forced to dismount and lead our horses. The print on the opposite side will give an idea of this scene; the torrent takes its rise in Monte d' Oro, and is much more encumbered with fragments of granite, than appears in the representation.

It was in this neighbourhood that Paoli bade adieu to his followers, when the French first conquered the island in 1769. After passing the bridge, we met several parties of natives, the men riding, while their wives paced along on foot with burthens on their shoulders: indeed, wherever we saw olives gathering, or any other manual labour, on our journey, the women only were employed, whilst their haughty husbands were smoking their pipes with muskets at their

PONTE VECCHIO.

sides, or lolling in perfect idleness. It now began to grow dusk, when we reached the village of Vennaco, consisting like others of several hamlets. We still proceeded, ascending and descending heights by zig-zag roads cut in the sides of mountains: thus we passed through Serrajo, Poggio, and Santo Pietro, the lights in which at a distance had a beautiful effect. Much rain fell during the last four or five miles of our journey, which wetted us completely. The descent into the valley surrounding Corte was very rocky. The horses knew the road, of which we were ignorant: in short we left ourselves entirely to their guidance, for we could scarcely see an inch before us; every instant I expected mine would fall, but he held his nose to the ground and carried me safely, although he slid and stumbled twenty times. We crossed the Restonica by a bridge of two arches leading to Corte. The view of the town, illustrative of this work, is taken near the bridge, one of the arches being hidden by the little hut on the foreground. Our day's journey was altogether very interesting; and the Corsican of Bocognano, who accompanied us to Corte, conducted himself with great propriety. I shall never forget the ferocious cast of his countenance; it was strongly marked, and the scar of a ball-wound in the cheek, tended

to confirm the account I had received of his exploits. His manners were frank. Like his proud countrymen, when he spoke of the Prefect, he never said "M. le Préfect," or "M. le Vicomte de Suleau," but always "Suleau." Although he occasionally mounted my horse and those of my companions, he never parted with his gun. His French was sufficiently intelligible; and he frequently moralised on the state of the interior, as if he were the most inoffensive being imaginable. It was curious to hear him point out such and such rocks and brakes as scenes of bandit attacks. "Here," said he, "was a heavy fire; and there," pointing to another spot, "a strong band was concealed." In short, his descriptions fully convinced me that he had been a principal actor in most of the events he mentioned. In the early part of our journey, a jay pitched upon one of the trees on the road: I said to him, "There is a good shot for you;"—"True," replied he; "but my gun is loaded with ball, and it is not safe for me to venture abroad without such protection."

It was nearly eight o'clock when we came to the Hotel Pochon, in the midst of this romantic town. On our arrival, by the kindness of the Baron Mariani, we were invited to take up our abode in the fine mansion of his relation Arrighi,

the Duc de Padoue, who was then at Paris. Here we found a magnificent saloon, and apartments furnished in the Parisian style; we could at first scarcely believe our eyes, after having witnessed the huts of La Baraque, Bocognano, and La Mortella. Blazing wood fires were crackling on the hearth to our great comfort; for we had travelled in two short days from summer to winter. Among the ornaments of the saloon were prints from pictures by Singleton, illustrative of Gesner's Death of Abel: one representing Adam and Eve driven out of the garden of Eden; another, Adam bearing the lifeless corpse of Abel.

November 8th. We explored the town of Corte, which is the third largest in Corsica. It is built on a green micaceous schistus rock, rising in the midst of a valley surrounded by primitive mountains.* The Tavignano and Res-

* My geological memoranda of the island are unfortunately very scanty and imperfect. I present the reader, however, with a few notes on the specimens that I incidently collected in my journey. The immediate neighbourhood of Ajaccio consists of granite of different kinds; the greater portion exceedingly coarse, and easily separated into its component parts. In many instances the felspar and quartz occurred in veins, and totally unaccompanied with mica. Opposite to La Baraque, we found rocks of coarse red porphyry. Between Bocognano and La Mortella, and near the bridge of Ellerotti,

tonica, two rivers, or rather torrents, run beneath the town, and unite a short distance from it. On the top of the rock is the citadel; and the chief road leading up to it is somewhat like the line of a screw; the streets, as may easily be conceived, are for the most part exceedingly steep. Paoli always treated it as the capital of the island; and here convened the representative assembly. It was also used as the seat of government by the English, until the viceroy, Sir Gilbert Elliott, removed it to Bastia: the Corsicans expressed great disapprobation at this measure.

There are but few really good houses in the town. The Duc de Padoue's is decidedly the best. The Baron Mariani's is handsome; and

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a magnificent rock of white granite occurred on the right of our road, spotted over with nests of garnets. Napoleon had a table made of this beautiful material. In traversing the forest of Vizzavona, we found chlorite slate, green hornblende massive and crystallised, a green rock of quartz and felspar, a granite rock slightly lamellated, and a rock of felspar and epidote combined. Near La Mortella, we found hornstone with micaceous iron. In the mountains round Corte, we met with great varieties of micaceous schistus; veins of amethystine quartz; limestone of several sorts, one whitish highly crystalline and lamellated, another brown and grained like fossil wood, a third kind black and very compact. We also discovered fibrous limestone, scarcely differing in external character from aragonite.

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CORTE.

so is that of the Gaffori family, on the Piazza, near the Mairie. Gaffori's, marked with shot-holes, is intimately associated with Corsican history; for Madame Gaffori, in the absence of her patriotic husband, was here besieged by the Genoese for several days. She possessed courage and strength beyond her sex. Although in want of provisions, she and a few followers succeeded in repulsing the assailants; but the latter increasing in numbers, a part of her little band fell in the contest, while the others, alarmed at the fate of their comrades, advised Madame Gaffori to capitulate. Reproaching their cowardice, she seized a lighted match, and hastening to one of the vaults beneath the house, which served as a powder magazine, told her men, if they stopped firing on the enemy, she would bury herself and them in the ruins of her mansion. At this conjuncture, General Gaffori arrived with a reinforcement and saved his heroic wife and his home. We now returned to the Duke's. A Mayor of one of the Commune's spent the evening with us; he came on the subject of our mission. When he was leaving us, I pressed him to stay a little longer, to which he replied, "It is dangerous for me to stay out late." *

* I here make another extract, from the newspaper that I have several times before cited, illustrative of the condition

November 9th. This was Sunday; we amused ourselves in various ways. Exploring different parts of the Duke's house, we came to a portrait of Madame Buonaparte, Napoleon's mother, and several pictures connected with the events of the Emperor's life. Madame Mère, we were informed, was always penurious. When Captain ——— was at the military college, at Paris, during the consulate of Napoleon, Madame Buonaparte used to invite him, as a relative, to her own house. On one of those occasions, as he was returning to the college, she made the young man the handsome present of six francs. I have this from his own lips. Amongst other curiosities I saw the hat worn by Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz: it was exceedingly light, and of his peculiar shape; the rim of the fore part was a little torn, as if by a bullet.

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of judicial functionaries; indeed justices of the peace and mayors of communes are in hourly danger in Corsica:—

"Il 28 ottobre, alla sera, il Sig. *Nunzia*, giudice di pace del cantone di Sagro che ritornava da Sisco, ove avea messa i sigilli, è stato ucciso, ad una piccola distanza da questo comune. Il cadavere di quel disgraziato funzionario fu ritrovato qualche ore dopo l' assassinio; egli era ferito da dodici colpi di stile. Tre individui, tutti del comune di Sisco sono stati arrestati come prevenuti di complicità in quest' omicidia."

We called on the Baron Mariani; and saw la Baronne, a lady of one of the first families in France, exceedingly handsome and agreeable; she had brought him a son on the night of our arrival at Corte, her little infant was in her arms. Parturition, in Corsica, is thought nothing of. The Baron, in the evening, gave us tea à l'Anglaise, this was followed by a bowl of punch. We passed several hours very pleasantly, listening to different anecdotes, many relating to Buonaparte and his court. I may ignorantly insert some that are already before the public; if I do so I hope to obtain its indulgence.

M. Lanjuinais was once reproached by Napoleon with seeming indifference to his exploits; the former replied, "Sire, you have commenced like Cæsar, and I fear your end will be like his."

M. Mercier, a literary character, and a good translator of English, was in the company of the Emperor, when a host of flatterers were paying him the most fulsome compliments. "How is it, M. Mercier," said Napoleon, "that I have nothing from you?" "Sire," answered Mercier, "the incense blackens the idol before which it burns." Then, turning to one who had paid high-strained compliments to the Emperor, "Yours, sir, is not even incense; it is resin."

I will here attempt to give the reader a general notion of the country, of the mode of life, and of some of the customs which pervade it. Corsica, with the exception of the eastern coast, reaching from Bastia to Solinzara, and from which the sea is gradually receding, consists of a mass of mountains. In the midst of these are two conspicuous ridges; one traversing the country from north to south, and the other from east to west. The loftiest mountains are Monte Rotondo, Monte d'Oro, and Monte Cinto, sometimes called Pic di Niolo. According to M. Arago, the first of these is 9061.891 feet above the sea*; and seven others exceed 6561.833 feet.† The summits of all these mountains of granite are rocky and barren, whilst the perpendicular fissures into which they are split, display in a striking manner the decomposition daily taking place in the hardest substances of nature. From their sides issue numerous beautiful cascades, which rush down with astonishing velocity among the wild vegetation with which the bases of the mountains are clothed, and fertilise the valleys below. The highest mountains give birth to the chief rivers, or rather torrents. Thus the Tavignano and Liamone flow from the lake

* 2762 métres. † 2000 mètres.

Nino, that occurs at about two-thirds of the height of Monte Rotondo, and the Golo originates in a similar manner from the lake Creno. Like other mountainous countries, Corsica is exceedingly picturesque; indeed, man has left so few traces of his industry in the island, that the painter, who shrinks at the sight of cultivated fields, and flower gardens, may here revel undisturbed amidst wild and majestic scenes. To the agriculturist who estimates a district by its production, to the man who looks at a river with a view to inland navigation, and to the effeminate traveller who judges of a country by the qualities of its roads and hotels, the rugged mountains, the rich but neglected valleys, the boisterous torrents, and the trackless forests of Corsica would afford no gratification; but to him who can associate and almost indentify himself with nature, the island offers a treat of no ordinary kind.

I shall not dwell on the appearance of the interior; but hope that the sketches with which I have illustrated this work will convey some idea of it. I therefore proceed to notice the inhabitants.

The men of Corsica are in general stout and well formed, rather under the middle size, their complexion is swarthy, their hair black, eyes

sparkling, their countenances are more often expressive of ferocity than of those qualities that excite our immediate confidence. The women partake much of the character of their husbands. The traveller occasionally meets with handsome females, of very regular features, but they cannot be generally called so. They have, however, eyes of singular brightness; and long, black, glossy hair, hanging over a form little encumbered by artificial decorations. Their physiognomy is bold, dignified, and even warlike; much more expressive of command than of submission. As if the human face adapted itself to the state of society, Corsican beauty harmonises well with the moral and physical condition of the island.

The dress of the Corsicans is very simple, and in the interior, so uniform, that it affords scarcely any criterion by which to distinguish the rich from the poor. The men wear a short jacket, breeches, and long gaiters, made of a coarse chocolate-coloured cloth; their heads are covered in general by a very neat pointed black velvet cap, or by a common coarse woven one of the same colour as the rest of the dress. Some of the peasantry have a sort of cowl, called a pelone, which they throw over their heads, or suffer to hang at the back of their necks. The men, with few exceptions, go

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CORSICAN MOUNTAINEERS.

armed; and you scarcely meet one in the interior, who has not a loaded musket across his shoulders; the shot and ammunition are contained in a leathern pouch, called "carchera," which goes round his waist.* A stiletto also is generally concealed about the person of a Corsican; although the French have interdicted the wearing of that weapon. There are few peculiarities to be remarked in the dress of the Corsican women. In the neighbourhood of Ajaccio, I frequently noticed them with large, round, straw hats, whilst their clothes consisted of little more than a shift, reaching hardly below the knees. The women of the Bastia side of the island, as I found afterwards, scarcely wear any covering for the head, but content themselves with throwing over it a sort of veil, like the Italian peasantry.

The houses of the interior will not bear a comparison with the humblest cottages in England. They consist of four walls, covered by a rude roof, many having only one opening, which serves for door, chimney, and window; they have not usually a second story, and when they have, you ascend to it by a ladder, as into an English hayloft. The first thing that strikes

* "Nihil autem neque publicæ neque privatæ rei, nisi armati agunt."—*Tac. de Mor. Ger.* c. 13.

the traveller, on entering one of the huts, is an immense heap of chesnuts lying in one corner. These form the chief support of the hardy Corsicans. They are not eaten raw, but reduced into flour; the bread of which is termed "pisticcine." It is also formed into various dishes, called pulenta, brilloli, fritelle, frandoline, &c.

The houses contain stools, benches, and tables, of the rudest kind; the wood fire, when any fire is wanted, crackles in the centre of the room, the smoke issuing where it can; the huswife, surrounded by her hardy offspring, attends to the humble domestic arrangements, while her lord and master traverses the mountains with his gun in search of game for his family. At night, a small stick of the pinus lariccio often serves as a lamp. "This," said a Corsican to me, as he pointed to a twig that was lying on the ground in the forest of Vizzavona, "is one of our candles." Such is the simple mode of living that generally pervades the whole interior of the island.

The traveller in Corsica never meets with a beggar. If he is accosted in his road, it is generally with the question of "What news do you bring with you?" and others relating to his journey, his business, &c. Often these enquiries extend beyond the trifles that gene-

rally engross conversation, even in more civilised countries. The Secretary in Chief of the Prefect related to us the following anecdote:—I was travelling in the interior quite incognito; a peasant came up to me and asked as usual for news; I told him immediately of the marriages, deaths, &c. that had then lately occurred at Ajaccio. The peasant replied, "I don't want to know those matters. I wish to be informed what the Allied Sovereigns are now doing at Laybach?" The peasantry never feel the least abashed; and whatever may be the appearance of the traveller, they come towards him, rest on their muskets, and begin a conversation as familiarly as if the parties were intimate acquaintances. Each man seems to consider it a duty to bring home as much news as he can learn in his rambles, and to communicate it to his countrymen; and thus, in the absence of public facilities of communication, knowledge is transmitted from one end of the island to the other.

The Corsicans have many curious customs. The Baron de Beaumont says, "Having wandered one evening, accompanied by a native, I wished to enter a cabin which was difficult of access. The discharge of my companion's musket announced our presence. Immediately a shepherd presented himself to us, also armed with a gun,

we parleyed, and then were admitted into his dwelling." This mode of visiting, of course requires good nerves.

The next custom which I am going to mention is not so common as formerly, although it does not seem to be entirely out of date :—

Mothers of families, whose husbands have been assassinated, preserve the dress of the deceased, until their children grow up to manhood, and then show them the clothes tinged with the blood of their fathers, and exhort them to vengeance; and in dispute with others, the latter taunt them if they have not revenged themselves. "Thus," adds M. Agostini, "these unhappy children have no other alternative, than to live dishonoured, or to destroy the murderers of their parents, and they rush headlong into crime."

The moresca, a sort of mock fight, is a very favourite spectacle of the Corsicans, and attracts the inhabitants from all parts of the island. In this exhibition, there are challenges, single combats, and a general battle, which ends with the defeat of the party representing the enemy of the nation.

The long courtships, that generally precede the marriages of a more civilised people, are here unknown; neither is the bridegroom the first proposer of the union.

The day of marriage of young persons is one of great festivity. In the evening the bride is conducted to the house of her husband, amidst the music of violins and cetre, whilst the attendants sing a sort of gratulatory epithalamium. The husband comes out of his house at the sound of the music, and amidst the discharge of muskets, receives the company with cordiality; offering honey, fruits, wine, and other things, for their refreshment. When the married couple are advanced in years, so that the union is not likely to be fruitful, the Corsicans conduct themselves in a totally different manner. Instead of approaching the bridegroom's house with instruments of music, they come then with spades, horns, discordant bells, and make a frightful "*charivari.*" Thus denoting their disapprobation of a marriage which cannot fulfil one of the chief ends for which it was destined.

The bridegroom so circumstanced bears this affront with good grace, since the custom is very ancient.

The Corsican wife is little more than the slave and drudge of her haughty master. He rides on his mule, whilst she paces along at his side. To the cultivation of the plot of ground that surrounds his hut the wife has to attend, whilst he smokes his pipe beneath the shady chesnut, or roams about the mountains with his gun and his

dog.* But with this dreadful disparity of condition between the husband and wife, the latter is seldom cruelly treated, and infidelity to the marriage contract is very rare. Children do not meet with equal attention from their parents; the sons engrossing nearly all the little property possessed by the family, whilst a daughter has nothing to look forward to in leaving the home of her father, but to become the slave of her husband.

It is not uncommon to see two families dining at the same table, and warming themselves at the same fire.

Cousins are frequently brought up together, loving each other with the affection of brothers and sisters; and the grandfather, the chief of the whole family, is sometimes seen surrounded by twenty or thirty descendants, possessing, with the necessaries of life, that love towards each other, which springs from a similarity of habits, and from a community of interest.

The education of their children, is as rude as their mode of life. A few maxims are all the

* "Fortissimus quisque ac bellicosissimus nihil agens, delegatâ domûs, et penatium, et agrorum curâ fœminis senibusque, et infirmissimo cuique ex familiâ, ipsi hebent: mirâ diversitate naturæ, cùm iidem homines sic ament inertiam, et oderint quietem."—*Tac. de Mor. Ger.* c. 15.

parents inculcate into their offspring; they instruct them to believe in God and their religion, but omit the Christian precept of the forgiveness of injuries; on the contrary, they teach them to revenge insults. The sons no sooner arrive at the age of puberty, than their parents buy them arms, or lend them their own; telling them that being men and strong as other men, they ought to see their rights respected. These words, engraven on the heart of the young Corsican, are always recurring to his thoughts, and frequently lead to the most frightful consequences. What those rights are, does not depend with him upon any dry definitions, it is enough that he feels insulted; and thus in his own person he often unites the different characters of legislator, of judge, and of executioner.

One of the most imposing religious fêtes that takes place in the island, occurs in rogation week, when the vegetation is in its most vigorous state. At this time, the Corsicans go in procession from the parish church of their villages; whilst the smiling appearance of their country, the brilliancy of the sun, and the freshness of the atmosphere, invite them to sing the praises of the Author of all things. They march at a slow pace; the men separate from the women; the priests in the middle; the children

follow behind the priesthood. When the procession is arrived at a point of land which commands the prospect below, the Curé gives his benediction to the country around, prays the Almighty to chain the tempests and torrents, the winds, and all other natural causes inimical to the fruits of the earth, intended for man's subsistence. The congregation, on their knees, listen with profound attention. As soon as the prayers are finished, the procession returns in the same order to the parish church, where the people obtain bundles of little wooden crosses, which they fix separately on their lands.

The fête-days in honour of the patron saint of each village, are consecrated to prayer, and the effusion of the tenderest feelings. On these days, relatives generally assemble together; and this union of the different members of a family is considered as a sacred obligation imposed on all. A refusal to attend on such occasions is considered as a denial of their family; and produces much injury to a man's reputation. At these festive meetings, the Corsicans arrange, in general, the marriage of their daughters, and other family matters; and talk over the politics of the island, or of the village in which they are assembled.

November 11th. We walked to the old ruined

convent, a little way out of Corte, on the right of the road to Bastia. Here Paoli used to assemble the legislative assembly of the island, when under his government. Within these walls, one of the deputies, observing a seat which had the appearance of a throne, petulantly demanded of Paoli for what purpose that throne was intended. "I mean it for the statue of liberty," replied the chieftain. Whilst Corsica was subject to England, the convent was used by the Anglo-Corsican parliament. It will now be probably converted into a college, in consequence of Paoli's bequests for the education of his countrymen. The convent, as well as the beautiful garden surrounding it, are the property of the Baron Mariani. The view of Corte from the garden, is very romantic.

From a sort of little stable, attached to this convent, Captain Mariani drove out several muffoli, animals which are found wild on the mountains of the island. They are much like the sheep, in form, although more graceful; their skins, instead of being woolly, are hairy and fine-grained, like deer. Their activity is surprising.

Leaving the convent, we walked along the ridge of mountains on the right of the Tavignano. I wish I could convey to the reader the grandeur of the scenes we witnessed in this stroll

of three miles; none but a Salvator Rosa could achieve the task: language is very ineffectual in these matters: I will nevertheless make the attempt. About half a mile from the town, we stood on the side of a rocky ridge, interspersed with wild vegetation, on which the sun gleamed beautifully. In the bottom of the ravine below, rushed the Tavignano, keeping up a constant murmur, as it was opposed by the fragments of granite that impeded its progress. The mountains on the other side of the ravine were in dark shadow. In the middle distance, in the centre of a basin formed by the mountains, rose a vast isolated schistus rock, crowned by the citadel and the uppermost part of Corte. This was in shadow, as well as the flat, at the foot of Corte, on the right, except the tower of a ruined convent, and a few other buildings, that caught a gleam or two of the sun. In the extreme distance, an immense and highly illumined mountain raised its head much above Corte. The most skilful painter could not wish a finer contrast of light and shade than this prospect presented. The various colours that made up the picture, I leave to the imagination of those who have been accustomed to sublime scenery.

November 14th. Having taken leave of the Baron, and the Mayor of Corte, I prepared to

start for Bastia. My horses were ready at a little past three; one for a guide, another for myself: in addition to which, two mules were charged with my luggage and that of my friends. I thus left Corte; my well-armed guide repeating parts of Tasso, and other Italian poets, to amuse me: for I set off with a heavy heart from a place, where I had been received with much hospitality.

To be hospitable to friends, to acquaintances, and even to strangers, is one of the first duties instilled into the mind of the Corsican; and the traveller may knock at any peasant's hut, secure of sharing the fare of its owner.* He must not, however, offer his host a pecuniary recompense; for that would be considered insulting. Indeed the duty of hospitality is here sometimes carried to a romantic extent, as the following traits will evince.

The families of Polo and of Rocco had long entertained a violent hatred towards each other. The former resided in the village of Tosa, the latter at Orbellara. Important business called the chief of the family of Polo into the neighbour-

* "Quem cum que mortalium arcere tecto, nefas habetur: pro fortunâ quisque apparatis epulis excipit. Cum defecere, qui modò hospes fuerat, monstrator hospitii et comes, proximam domum non invitati adeunt: nec interest: pari humanitate accipiuntur. Notum ignotumque, quantum ad jus hospitii, nemo discernit:"—*Tac. de Mor. Ger.* c. 21.

hood of Orbellara; and as he left his house suddenly, he conceived his rivals would not be aware of his journey. When about to return homeward, he learnt that emissaries of Rocco were lying in ambuscade to attack him. The day was on the decline, and darkness soon surrounded him; whilst one of those dreadful tempests arose, which are not unfrequent in the south of Europe.

Polo knew not which way to direct his steps; each moment he expected to find himself in the midst of his enemies, to whom the flashes of lightning were so likely to discover him. Danger thus besetting him on all sides, he determined to knock at the house of his antagonist, Rocco, the chief of the family. A servant appears. "Go," said he to her, "tell your "master that Polo wishes to speak with him." At this name, so dreaded by all the family, the servant trembled with horror. At length Rocco presented himself; and with a calm look, and unfaltering voice, asked Polo what he wanted of him at such an hour. "Hospitality," Polo answered; adding, "I know that many of your household are concealed in my road homeward, for the purpose of taking my life; the weather is frightful; and I know not how to avoid death, unless you afford me, for this night, an asylum."

"You are welcome," replied Rocco; "you do me justice, and I thank you." Then, taking him by the hand, Rocco presented him to his family, who gave him a cold although a courteous reception. After supper, Polo was conducted to his chamber. "Sleep in peace," said his host; "you are here under the protection of honour." On the following morning, after breakfast, Rocco, well knowing that his emissaries were watching for Polo, conducted his guest to a torrent, beyond which he might securely proceed. They here parted; and Rocco added, as he bade his companion adieu, — "In receiving you into my house, I have done my duty. You would have saved my life under similar circumstances; here then end the rights of hospitality. You have insulted me; and my hostility has been for a time suspended: but it revives on our parting; and I now declare to you again, that I seek for revenge. Escape me if you can; as I, on my part, shall be on my watch against you." "Listen," replied Polo; "my heart is overwhelmed, and my anger is extinguished. Follow your projects of revenge, if you choose; but, for me, I will never stain my hands with the blood of one, to whom I owe my life. I have offended you, you say; well, forget it, and let us be friends." Rocco paused for a mo-

ment, embraced his enemy, and a reconciliation ensued, which, extending itself to the two families, they lived afterward on the best terms imaginable.

The preceding story seems more like the invention of romance, than an accurate detail of facts. But a personal visit to the island, wherein the strong feelings of the human heart are daily developing themselves in the most romantic adventures, soon convinces the traveller of the probability of such traits of character. In the instance above related the virtue of hospitality suspended the most violent hatred. I now present the reader with an example of the terrific effects induced by a neglect of it; an example indeed, which the island witnessed only a short time before my arrival.

The laws relating to the conscription, are very unpopular in Corsica, and the young conscripts frequently fly to the mountains, to escape from service in the French army. The gendarmerie are employed in the arduous and dangerous service of pursuing the refugees. On one of these occasions, a conscript presented himself to a shepherd of the interior, begging for concealment. The shepherd said, "My house is at your service, but I think that of my son better adapted for your security; go to him, tell

him I send you for protection." The conscript departed and was received by the shepherd's son. There the gens d'armes soon discovered him; and the old shepherd learning that his son had been treacherous to the conscript, and that he had yielded to the temptation of a bribe, went to his son's house; and his suspicions being confirmed by actual confession, he destroyed his child on the spot.

I have not the least doubt of the truth of the above anecdote. It was related to me by a French gentleman, one of the chief functionaries in the island. Every Corsican peasant has a set of fixed principles of action, and determinate notions of honour, from which he seldom swerves. Each man carries in his breast his code of practical laws, and in his hand the instrument to put those laws into execution. He feels intensely, and is unaccustomed to draw distinctions, and refine upon his rude system of natural legislation. The French laws in force in the island take notice of these violent outrages on public tranquillity; but the inaccessible nature of the country affords, in most instances, a safe asylum to those who have been guilty of them. The courts of Bastia pass sentences of death on the parties, whilst the latter are living on the moun-

tains scarcely worse off than in the humble dwellings I have before described.

I had not long left Corte, before the evening began to close on me; we proceeded, however, with the river Golo to our left; the mountains sinking as we advanced, while the rain fell in torrents. At half past ten, we came to La Fontana Nuova, a halting place, I think about half way between Corte and Bastia. The building at which we stopped unites the characters of an albergo and a military post. It is oblong, and placed in the midst of a court surrounded by chambers. Here I found a detachment of soldiers regaling after a march. They were to leave Fontana Nuova for Bastia at two o'clock the next morning, and offered to escort me. Although wet and fatigued, many of them were vociferously talking, some were singing, others dancing, and indulging in all sorts of mimicry. What a contrast were they to the Corsicans, who formed a part of the company in the room! I soon retired from this lively party, the Bourgeois lighting up a good fire in one of the chambers surrounding the body of the house. Here my guide, and a Corsican who had joined us on the road, partook with me of my hamper of provisions; and while my wet clothes were smoking before the fire, we ate in the most

primitive manner imaginable, and drank wine alternately out of my little leather cup. The smoke escaped from the room where it could, partly out of a sort of chimney, but much more out of the doorway, and an opening that served for a window. At length, while my two companions were prolonging their feast by the fire, I laid myself down on a pallet, and soundly slept, until the corporal of the guard announced that the soldiers were ready to march.

November 15th. At about half past two I started. The rain still falling heavily. The corporal and his thirteen soldiers crowded round my horse, whilst the guide and the mules preceded us a few paces. We soon crossed the Golo by a handsome bridge, and consequently had that river on our right for the rest of our journey. Although the darkness prevented me from making many remarks on the surrounding country, still this part of my journey was not without interest. There is a natural gaiety in a Frenchman, that always communicates itself to his company; and so I felt, for I never was more happy than now, passing along the banks of the Golo with my new companions of the 14th regiment of the line. We frequently came to mountain torrents, over which there were little bridges. The more steady part of the

troop followed my horse over these convenient passages, whilst the young conscripts, raising their muskets, ran through the water laughing at our caution. Some of our escort had been in Spain: I talked over many parts of the war with them, and allowing the French the "courage de tempérament," and claiming for ourselves the "courage de réflexion," I agreed with them wonderfully well. Every now and then we came to a fire blazing beneath a spreading tree, around which sat Corsican shepherds; some telling stories, others joining in a kind of melancholy chant, which is common in the island, but the meaning of which I could never make out. The morning now began to dawn, and the clouds were breaking away, whilst the yellow tinge of the eastern sky indicated approaching fine weather. Herdsmen who had slept unsheltered amidst their flocks, were waking, and shaking off the rain from their coarse jackets, like dogs that come out of a river. At length the sun rose most beautifully, as we descended to the fertile plain, which extends from Bastia along the eastern coast of the island. The sea gradually recedes on this side of Corsica; indeed Aleria, which was a Roman seaport, is, I believe, half a league from the water. We advanced to "La Maison Blanche," a sort of military post,

and albergo, not so extensive as Fontana Nuova. Proceeding, we had a fine view of Bastia, and its country houses, built on a mountain ridge behind; whilst the Tuscan sea with the isles of Capraja, Elba, Monte Christo, and the still more distant coast of Italy on our right, alternately claimed my attention. On each side of the road, goatherds were leading their flocks that were browsing the aromatic shrubs that grow exuberantly in this part of the island. Agriculture here has made great progress, and large tracts of land in a high state of cultivation indicated a state of society much more advanced than that which I had quitted. Indeed the Bastia people assume precedence over the other Corsicans. I was now in another climate. The cactus, and the aloe, and various aromatic plants that one sees in an English greenhouse, grew wild; and as I approached to the town, I could hardly endure my cloak. Bastia, in respect to size, number of inhabitants, and the state of its society, may be considered the capital of the island, although the Prefect of the department resides at Ajaccio.

The houses are lofty and the streets very narrow. The port is insignificant; few of the ships are so much as one hundred tons burthen. Like the Roman ships of antiquity, they were drawn

up on the beach for the season. I had scarcely dressed myself, before the *secrétaire* of the commandant of the town came for answers to the usual questions of name, profession, object of my coming to Bastia, &c. &c. Having gone through this tiresome form, I was visited by the Sub-Prefect, Signor Petriconi, and some of the chief people of the place. In the evening, I walked along the beach; scarcely a ripple disturbed the sea, whilst the moon rising behind the Isle of Elba, now and then caught the tops of the ancient towers, which appear at intervals along the coast, amidst olive gardens and aromatic shrubberies. On my return to the town, the guitar, from many a balconied window, arrested my attention; and in one instance it was accompanying a female voice, so flexible and melodious, that I longed to be acquainted with the musician.

November 17th. On this day I tasted a great variety of Corsican wines, at the Hôtel de la Préfecture, where I dined with the Sub-Prefect of Bastia. I had not conceived that Corsica produced any so excellent; some were like port, strong, rough, and full-bodied; some rich and sweet, so much resembling Frontignac that they are frequently sold as such; others like Chablis; and another sort similar to the best Here-

fordshire perry. Unfortunately for Corsica, France does not want the wines or the oil that the island is so capable of producing in abundance. The English, by abandoning it, lost the commercial as well as the naval advantages it might have afforded.

November 18th. The heat, to-day, was quite oppressive; and, although dressed in linen trowsers and waistcoat, I was driven by it from the parade to which I had been attracted by the band of the regiment. I dined with one of the judges of the Cour Royale, at whose house I met some of the first families of the island. Waltzing commenced, after dinner, and the rest of the evening was spent in great gaiety and cheerfulness.

November 19th. I visited the college, or what in England would be called the school, which is under the superintendence of a venerable person, M. Rennucci, a jesuit. It contains an interesting although not extensive library. The collection of Corsican minerals was imperfect, and ill arranged, or rather not arranged: indeed my collection of rocks and minerals was almost preferable to this public one. A specimen of lead, from the mine of San Fiorenzo, was kindly given to me.* I conversed with seve-

* The Corsicans talk so much about the silver contained in the lead of this mine; that I have been at some pains to

ral of the students, youths about fourteen or fifteen years old. They were very tolerable Latin scholars; but knew little of Greek. By means of French translations they had read Milton, and Young's Night Thoughts; the latter work every foreigner talks about.

November 20th. My brother travellers had arrived on the preceding evening, after their circuitous journey by Calvi and San Fiorenzo, having met with great attentions every where on their route.

A band of musicians came to welcome the arrival of our party, and they struck up "God save the King," and performed a variety of other airs for our amusement. On this occasion we unintentionally affronted the good people, by sending them out some money; one came into our dining-room, saying, that he and his com-

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ascertain the proportion of silver in the specimen above-mentioned; and I learn that a ton of the ore contains 6 oz. 4 dwts. of silver. This is a proportion far too small to render the silver worth extracting, even in a coal country.

In Cumberland, where coals are abundant, 18 oz. of silver in a ton of lead ore, is I believe the least quantity that will pay for the expense of extraction. Judging then by my Corsican specimen, the silver is unworthy of notice. The lead produced from the ore I should add is excellent.

panions were amateur musicians of Bastia, who came to congratulate us on our arrival. We apologised, and thanked them for their attention.

In the morning, I had been introduced to Signor Viale and several literary characters of Bastia, whose society I frequently enjoyed during my stay in the town.

November 21. Although Bastia has a cathedral and other churches, there is not a more elegant interior of an ecclesiastical building, than that of the Capella di Santa Croce, which I visited to day. A young Corsican theological student acquainted me with a legend connected with the chapel. A cross had been miraculously fished up from the sea, by some fishermen of Bastia. After they had deposited it in a place of security, it was removed, by supernatural agency, to the spot where the chapel now stands. Of course, the devout did not lose this opportunity of contributing largely to the erection of the very elegant chapel which now contains this miraculous cross.

I afterwards strolled into the Cour Royale; whilst I was standing amongst the crowd, M. Olivetti, one of the judges with whom I had dined, sent the *huissier* to invite me into

the area of the court, where a seat was given me. Three prisoners were charged with stealing some cattle.* The opening speech for the prosecution, by the Avocat Général, offered a striking contrast to those which are made by our counsel under similar circumstances. Instead of confining himself to the mere points in issue, he enlarged upon the bad character of the prisoners. The evidence was in a great measure hearsay, and such as would not be receivable in an English court.

The prisoner in the French criminal courts, although worse off in some respects than an English criminal in our own, has, however, the advantage of a speech made by his counsel in reply. Trial by jury does not now exist in the island, although from the year 1790, to the year 1801, the Corsican was tried by his peers.

During that period, says the Baron de Beaumont, the Corsican jury pronounced twelve verdicts of guilty, whilst in the months of June and July, 1820, the criminal court condemned 65

* In Corsica, generally speaking, theft, and the various petty offences common among a more civilised people, are exceedingly rare. The mass of criminals are assassins, who have revenged themselves for insults done to them or to their families.

individuals to death, 72 to hard labour, and 57 to imprisonment, making in all 194 condemnations; whence that writer infers, although not very justly, unless the number of prosecutions was uniform, that there were 12804 ineffectual indictments presented to the court during the period that the trial by jury existed in Corsica. The Baron argues against the trial by jury in Corsica, from the present state of the island, wherein private revenge is every day usurping the rights of the tribunals; indeed a juror would only be safe by betraying his public duties.*

The criminal cases that occupy the Cour Royale of Bastia are often remarkable while the culprits that are brought before it frequently afford instances of singular fortitude. A very extraordinary character, was sentenced to death by this court, in the year 1821. The particulars of his death are so striking, the circumstances of his life so characteristic of the state of society in Corsica, that the reader will follow with interest the details of a memoir, which my Corsican papers enable me to present to him.

* "Qu'ils partent pour aller venger la société: la vengeance les attend au retour; que, cédant au sentiment de leur propre conservation, ils absolvent mal-à-propos, la loi est foulée aux pieds"—*Observations sur la Corse*, p. 76.

Luc' Antonio Viterbi, the son of Simone Paolo Viterbi, was born at Penta, in Corsica, in the year 1769. His education was at first superintended by his father, who appears to have been a man of considerable attainments: and it was completed at Florence. By two marriages he had a son Orso Paolo, and seven daughters. He led a tranquil life, devoting himself to literary pursuits, and enjoying the pleasures which spring from virtuous affections, until the French Revolution began to engage the attention of the Corsicans, when Luc' Antonio and his father were among its most eminent advocates. When the *Notables* of the Canton of Casinca met at the convent of Venzolasca, Simone Viterbi, was there with his two sons, his relatives, and some of his friends. The Notables assembled in the refectory; and here it was proposed to exclude the family of Frediani from the Electoral Assembly, because they were noble, and consequently, as it was alleged, enemies of liberty. Simone Viterbi at first objected to the proposal; but at last joined the majority, and the Frediani were excluded. Piero Giovanni Serpentine, a friend of the Frediani, and one of the Notables, reproached Simone Viterbi for his vacillation, exclaiming, "'Tis you, you babbler, who shall be excluded:" Simone replied, "I am sur-

prised that a coward, like yourself, should dare to raise his voice within these walls." Serpentine immediately rushed on Simone, and stabbed him. A report of Simone's death, instantly reached the ears of his sons Luc' Antonio and Piero, who were in the court-yard of the convent. Luc' Antonio forcing open the door of the refectory, flew to his father's assistance, and whilst attending on his parent, it was learnt that Francesco Andrea Frediani had been killed at the door of the refectory. This was imputed to the Viterbi family, and particularly to Luc' Antonio, and the public opinion of the island favoured the suspicion. There was now a deadly feud between the families of Frediani and Viterbi.

Four months after the death of Francesco Andrea, some of the partizans of the Frediani arrived at Penta, from the canton of Vallerentia, and were seen entering, at mid-day, the house of Venturino Suzzarini, which was opposite to the dwelling of the Viterbi. Suzzarini's attachment to the Frediani was well known. The Viterbi witnessing this arrival, and suspecting the cause of it, prepared to defend themselves. An attack with musketry soon commenced, in which Suzzarini, and others were wounded, and two of the party killed. Luc' Antonio was not present at

this affair, being at Balagna. Five months afterward, Piero, his brother, riding past the house of Donato Frediani, was struck by a musket ball on the shoulder; there was no doubt from whence the shot came. Such was the state of hostility between these two families, when Paoli, under the authority of the French Republic, returned to Corsica. The arrival of that chieftain seems, for a while, to have lulled their animosity, and we find the Viterbi eagerly espousing the cause of Paoli; but separating themselves from him, when, opposing the French Republic, he called in the assistance of Great Britain.

On the capitulation of Bastia to the English, Luc' Antonio embarked with all his family for Toulon. No sooner was he gone, than the Frediani, who had joined the English faction, burnt the houses of the Viterbi, laid waste their property, and, made themselves sole masters of Penta. When the English abandoned the island, the Viterbi returned, and summoning the Frediani before a tribunal, demanded remuneration for their losses. At this time, the father of Francesco Andrea Frediani, wishing to settle the differences that so long had disturbed the two families, proposed a marriage between a daughter of Luc' Antonio and his grandson. This proposal was acceded to, and Simone Viterbi, conceiving

that the marriage would soon take place, set off for Porta d' Ampugnani, in order to stay the proceedings of the tribunal. The object of the old man's journey was mistaken by the opposite party, and as he was returning from Porta he was mortally wounded by assassins employed by the Frediani. Luc' Antonio joining the gens d'armerie pursued the Frediani, and they were all arrested except Carlo Frediani, who taking refuge in the marshes of the canton of Tavagna, there died. Luc' Antonio was accused of disinterring Carlo, and even of stabbing the dead body. The tribunals proceeded against the Frediani, as well on the original cause of complaint, as in respect of Simone Viterbi's assassination, and the chief members of the family were decreed to indemnify the Viterbi for their losses, and sentenced to the galleys for ten years. At this time the French government was organizing the tribunals, and Luc' Antonio Viterbi was appointed *accusateur public.* He filled the office with honour; and continued to hold it, until his refusal to give his vote for Buonaparte's elevation to the empire. Luc' Antonio now retired to Penta, and lived in privacy; but the agents of Buonaparte subjected him to great vexations; and he was imprisoned without cause by General Berthier. In 1814, Donato Frediani

was killed as he was entering his house. Luc' Antonio, although suspicion at first fell upon others, was ultimately accused as an accomplice, and his son denounced as the actual perpetrator of this crime. Before, however, any process was instituted against them, Corsica was set in commotion by Napoleon's escape from Elba. The plain of Bivinco was fixed upon as the place of rendezvous for the people of the arrondissement of Bastia; and Luc' Antonio, at the head of a hundred followers, prepared to join the camp. On his march, he met with General Casalta, who commanded another body, and both entertaining the same political views, in opposition to Buonaparte, they proceeded together. Approaching the camp, they learnt that the Ceccaldi, and other personal enemies of the Viterbi, were there, and Luc' Antonio being dissuaded from going, replied that the good cause required his attendance, and proceeded. No sooner, however, was he arrived, than a skirmish ensued between the Ceccaldi and the Viterbi, in which two of the former fell. Luc' Antonio fled to Borgo, with his son; and in their absence, through the influence of the Buonaparte faction, they were condemned to death; although, in fact, the Ceccaldi had been the aggressors. It was also decreed that his property should be confiscated,

his house burnt, and a column of infamy erected on its site.* Luc' Antonio and his son, for a time escaped the search of their pursuers; but the affairs of the island being now settled, a new process was commenced on the part of the Ceccaldi against Viterbi and his son, and they were both confined in the prison of Bastia. After a trial which lasted many days, they were acquitted and liberated. Luc' Antonio now set off to join his family. On coming to the bridge which crosses the Golo, he found seventy of his own partizans waiting his arrival. They insisted on accompanying him to Penta. It was night when he arrived at his native village, but the inhabitants flocked from their houses to meet him: Viterbi harangued them. He thanked them for the interest they had taken in his misfortunes; and told them that "justice, placed between strength and weakness, had preserved the equilibrium of her balance." Viterbi now looked forward to pass the rest of his days in tranquillity; but this

* During the government of Paoli, what was called collateral revenge, "vendetta transversa," was not only punished by death, but a column of infamy was erected to perpetuate the disgrace of the criminal. The custom of erecting these columns seems to subsist at present. I do not know whether there is any instance of them before the time of Paoli.—*See Boswell*, 358.

prospect quickly vanished, for a process was instituted against him and his son, for the assassination of Donato Frediani. The son escaped to the Continent: the father, after a fruitless appeal from the jurisdiction of the court of Bastia, to the Court of Assizes at Aix, in Provence, was arrested by the gens d'armérie. His relations and partizans would have rescued him, but he said that he had nothing to reproach himself with, and exhorted them to respect the laws. He was conducted to the prison of Bastia. His brother, Don Piero, who had returned to Corsica, after a long service in the French armies, interceded for his release, but failing, retired to Penta, and actually died of grief*, exclaiming, with his last breath, that intrigue and malignity would prevail over his brother's innocence. The Cour Royale sat on the case of Luc' Antonio for fifteen days successively, and on the 16th of September, 1821, he was condemned to the guillotine. During this protracted session, and although he knew of the unhappy death of his brother, Luc' Antonio defended himself with a presence of mind and courage, that astonished every one: and even when sentence was passed, retained his wonted firmness, and only thought of saving himself from the disgrace of a public execution. With this view

* D'un patema d'animo.

he appealed from the decision of his judges, only to give time to effect his purpose. He starved himself to death; expiring on the 21st of December, after eighteen days' abstinence from food.

Viterbi, was desirous of being buried at Penta with much ceremony, and no sooner was his death announced, than about 600 peasants set off for Bastia, to escort the body. They learned in their road, that by a public order, he had been buried at Bastia, in quick-lime, and that a brigade was stationed to guard the grave; a hundred of the peasants, proceeded to ascertain the fact, and, if possible, to disinter the body. The news of Viterbi's extraordinary death created a great feeling at Bastia: his knell was sounded in all the churches, and the religious fraternities, before they knew of the General's order, prepared to accompany the corpse to the bridge of Bivinco.

This remarkable man was about five feet six inches in height, with a countenance dark and expressive. His character was a compound of good and bad qualities. As a husband and father, he was irreproachable; to his relations, his friends, and his followers, he was always generous; to his enemies implacable. As to his religious opinions he was a deist.

The energies of his mind equalled those of his

body. His memory was so good that with twice reading he is known to have repeated ninety unconnected Latin words. Even after his condemnation, and whilst in prison, he wrote poems on his misfortunes, and kept a journal of his time. Some of his verses, as well as the part of his journal, in my possession, I have printed in the Appendix. The accuracy of the latter, as far as regards the facts, is known to those who attended him.

A very affecting sight lately occurred at Bastia, in consequence of the execution of a young man who was generally believed to be innocent of the crime for which he suffered; but who preferred death to sacrificing his mother to the punishment which she alone merited.

This woman had engaged in a violent quarrel with one of her relations; and feeling her pride wounded by some remark made in the contest, determined upon revenge, and entreated her son to be the instrument. He refused, and at the same time recommended an abandonment of her dreadful purpose; but his advice was slighted, and it seems she put her purpose in execution herself: such was the general opinion.

The son, alarmed, as it was believed, at the probable consequences of the assassination, determined to bury the corpse; and left his home,

accordingly, for that purpose. Whilst engaged in this operation, he was observed, and shortly afterward arrested, with his mother. At the trial, the charges against him accumulated on his head, because he chose to make no defence. He contented himself with looking at his mother, in a sorrowful cast of countenance, and saying to her, with a low voice, "My mother, tell how all this took place. You well know that it is not me; but on the contrary—" He here paused, and added nothing more.

The mother, acquitted, wished to approach her son; but he repulsed her, adding, "Go, I pardon you; but it is you who assassinate me."

He did not choose to appeal against the sentence; but demanded execution as soon as possible. Arrived on the scaffold, he signified with his hand that he wished to speak; and then pronounced, with a firm voice, the following little speech: —

"Ready to appear before God, and knowing that a few minutes hence I shall cease to live, I swear that I am innocent of the crime for which I have been condemned. Justice has committed an error; but it is not her fault, and I forgive it. I entreat all those who hear me to pray for the salvation of my soul." From the instant of his condemnation to that of his death

he never spoke of his mother; and even refused to see her. The youth, a mere peasant, was scarcely nineteen years of age.

November 25th. We had a long interview with General Sebastiani, one of the deputies for the department of Corsica, M. Gentili, and two avôcats of the Cour Royale, on the business of our visit to the island. The first made an eloquent speech on the subject of Paoli's bequests. He had travelled much in England, and seemed well acquainted with our institutions. Entering into general conversation with him, I was astonished at the accurate recollection he possessed of what he had seen; for although he had only been a day or two at Cambridge, he talked of my College as familiarly as if he had kept his terms there.

November 30th. To day was a meeting of the great literary society of the island, called "La Société centrale d'Instruction du Département de la Corse." The Baron Galeazzini, the president, sent us a note of invitation to the sitting. At a little before twelve, I found a great room of the prefecture quite full: all the chief people of Bastia, the civil and military authorities, &c. were assembled. Various memoirs were read; several on the history and antiquities of the island; an Italian translation of a part of Lord Byron's

Siege of Corinth formed one of the papers. My friend M. Ruffin read a poetical tale, in imitation of La Fontaine, describing the marriage of an English peasant with a rich wife, and many laughable circumstances consequent on the union. It is dangerous for poets to lay their *venue* in a foreign country. M. Ruffin made this peasant go to the village cabaret to drink his *boteille*, instead of his pint of beer; indeed, our poor rustic fellow countryman was a very Frenchified person. Altogether I was much pleased: I gained there some information, but much more amusement. At the end of each memoir, the regimental band of the 14th regiment, stationed at the back of the room, struck up an air; so that even had I been disposed to doze, the long drum would have interfered with my slumbers. The sitting terminated with the tune of Henri Quatre, and loyal cries of Vive le Roi! The "proces verbaux" of this Society contain many interesting traits of Corsican character. I extract one. The two families of Vincenti of Monte d'Olmo and Grimaldi of Ampugnani, had long been enemies; and on the day of a solemn fête, and even in the midst of the religious ceremonies on the occasion, these families, who were assembled together, could not repress their mutual hatred. From language of re-

proach they broke out into open hostility; and Astolpho Vincenti, in protecting himself, discharged his musket, and dangerously wounded the eldest son of Roger Grimaldi. Rage seized the adversaries of Vincenti; and he was about to fall a victim to their fury. A house, which happened to be near, was the only means of temporary protection that presented itself; the door was open; and thither Vincenti fled. It was the identical house of Roger Grimaldi; and the family were at church, except the second son of Grimaldi, a child of eight years of age, who was asleep. The Grimaldi party rushed towards the house; certain death awaited him who should first enter the door, for Vincenti was armed, and ready to defend himself. The expedient of firing the house was proposed; but the thought of the child asleep there suspended its execution. At length the body of the wounded son of Roger Grimaldi was seen advancing on a litter. At this sight, the rage of the father could no longer contain itself. Blinded by revenge, and deaf to the voice of nature and the prayers of his wife, who clung to his arms, uttering violent imprecations, he fired his own house. Vincenti, surrounded by flames, now sought for shelter; suddenly his ears were pierced with the cries of an unhappy child; he

ran towards the boy, and recognised the son of his relentless enemy. Vincenti raised his stiletto, and was about to stab the child that held out his little arms towards him. He paused a moment; compassion seized him; and clasping the child in his arms, he determined to save it, or to hug it to his breast, as the companion of his last moments. In the mean time, the conflagration increased, the roof fell in, and the beams gave way, and scarcely a hope for Vincenti remained. Gratified with the idea that Vincenti must have perished in the flames, Grimaldi betook himself to the house of a relation, where his wounded son was lying. Here the disturbed spirit of Grimaldi began to calm itself; while his wife continued to sob for the loss of her child, whose death she thought must have been shared with that of Vincenti. At length the stern Grimaldi became a participator in her sorrows; remorse seized him for the sacrifice he had made; and he was gradually worked into a state of frantic despair. At this moment the neighbourhood resounded with the name of Astolpho. With a face blackened with smoke, and a dress evincing the dangers he had survived, Vincenti appeared, having extricated himself, with the child, from the ruins of Grimaldi's house, in the midst of acclamations from the surrounding multitude.

The mother rushed to meet Astolpho, and clasped him to her bosom, calling him the saviour and second father of her beloved child. This scene melted the heart of Grimaldi. Yielding to the feelings of admiration, of gratitude, and of shame, he threw himself at the feet of Astolpho, and swore to him eternal friendship.

This account was drawn from the statement made by Vincenti himself, to my acquaintance, M. Renucci; and the latter gentlemen communicated it to the literary Society of Bastia.

December 1st. We had now attained the object of our mission; and after taking our leave of the people of Bastia, from whom we had received great attention, we sailed in a xebec, called "L'Assomption de la Sainte Vierge," for Leghorn.

SECTION II.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

THE last century embraces the chief political events of an interesting nature that have agitated the island. The historical sketch therefore, which I now present to the reader, will, for the most part, relate to that period: although, by way of introduction, I shall briefly notice the preceding ages of Corsican history.

A colony of Phocæans, so early as four hundred and forty-eight years before the Christian era, settled in the island, as we learn from Herodotus. Driven from their city, by the successes of Cyrus in Asia Minor, and failing in their attempt to purchase the Œnussian islands, they sought an asylum in Cyrnos, or Corsica*,

* That Corsica was the Κύρνος of the Greeks, there can be no doubt. Boswell and other writers have also identified it with the island of Thœra, more anciently called Callista; but I think them mistaken in this respect, and that Herodotus, and works on ancient geography, bear me out in my asser-

where they united with some of their countrymen, who had before migrated to the same

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tion. The historian, in his first book, mentions the migration of the Phocæans to Cyrnos, as I have stated it in the text. The account he gives of Thera seems to be inconsistent with the alleged fact, that it was the same as Cyrnos. Speaking of the settlement of Theras and a Lacedemonian colony at the former, he says, Ἦσαν δὲ ἐν τῇ νῦν Θήρῃ καλεομένῃ νήσῳ, πρότερον δὲ Καλλίστῃ τῇ αὐτῇ ταύτῃ, ἀπόγονοι Μεμβλιάρεω τοῦ Ποικίλεω, ἀνδρὸς Φοίνικος. and that there might be no mistake, he adds, shortly afterwards, Τῇ δὲ νήσῳ ἐπὶ τοῦ οἰκιστέω Θήρα· ἡ ἐπωνυμίη ἐγένετο. With all this anxiety to be accurate, he does not mention a word about Κύρνος, which he doubtless would have done, had Thera and Cyrnos been identical.

The following story related by Herodotus, tends to confirm my position. Grinus, a king of Thera, having consulted the oracle at Delphi, was admonished by the Pythian to build a city in Libya. Slighting, on his return to Thera, the advice of the oracle, a seven years' drought afflicted his country. The monarch, alarmed at this visitation, again consulted the oracle; the Pythian advised him as before. The historian adds, Ἐπεί τε δὲ κακοῦ οὐδὲν ἦν σφι μῆχος, πέμπουσι ἐς Κρήτην ἀγγέλους, διζημένους εἴ τις Κρητῶν ἢ μετοίκων ἀπιγμένος εἴη ἐς Λιβύην. Arrived in Crete, the messengers of Grinus met with a dyer, who was acquainted with the African coast. This man subsequently conducted the expedition for Lybia. On the supposition of Thera and Corsica being identical, it seems strange that the Thereans should make so long a voyage for information about the coast of Africa, and that those bold enough to sail from Corsica to Crete, should be so cautious in passing from thence to Libya. All this inconsistency, however, disappears, by placing Thæra among the Sporades, to the north of Crete, and which indeed is the position assigned to it by ancient geographers.

island. They were soon expelled by the Carthaginians, who, in conjunction with the Tyrhenians, became masters of Corsica. On the decline of the Carthaginian power, Corsica fell under the Roman domination; and Lucius Scipio, the son of Barbatus, was the commander who took possession of the island.

It thus became politically attached to the Roman empire; although the frequent insurrections of the islanders, mentioned by the Latin historians, seem to indicate that the Roman government was not popular in the island. As an integral part of the empire, it partook of all the vicissitudes to which the seat of government was afterward subject.* On the division into

* The philosopher Seneca, A. D. 41, was banished to Corsica for an alleged intercourse with Julia, the daughter of Germanicus and Agrippina. A tower, called by the natives Seneca's tower, is situated in the neighbourhood of Capo Corso.

During a short exile of eight years, it is curious to observe the gradual alteration of the Stoic's mind. At first he boasted of his philosophy, and seemed to set at defiance the miseries incidental to banishment. Addressing himself to his mother Helvia, he says, in the language of exultation, "Quicquid optimum homini est, id extra humanam potentiam jacet: nec dari, nec eripi potest. Mundus hic, quo nihil neque majus, neque ornatius, rerum Natura genuit: animus contemplator, admiratorque mundi, pars ejus magnificentis-

the Eastern and Western empire, Corsica fell to the share of the latter, and so continued until the reign of Valentinian the Third. During this emperor's reign, and whilst he was under the guardianship of his mother Placidia, the Vandals became masters of some of the finest provinces of Rome, and, with the northern coast of Africa, Corsica fell into their power. Within little more than a century after this conquest, the successes of Belisarius in Africa, and his exploits in Italy, occasioned the Vandals to abandon the island: it was then attached to the eastern empire, and formed a part of the Exarchate of Ravenna. Early, however, in the eighth century, the Saracens, then masters of Spain and Languedoc, fitted out armaments for the conquest of the islands of the Mediterranean,

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sima, propria nobis et perpetua, tamdiu nobiscum mansura, quamdiu ipsi manebimus. Alacres itaque et erecti, quocunque res tulerit, intrepido gradu properemus." The wilds of Corsica soon changed Seneca's ideas. To philosophize at Rome he had found to be an easy task. But the medicines which he had there recommended to sooth the moral pains of others, were quite ineffectual to appease the woes of his own exile; and we find him, at last, bestowing the grossest flatteries on Claudius, and imploring to be recalled even at the expence of his character. Seneca was soon allowed to return to Rome, but not until he had displayed, in his own person, the triumph of feeling over philosophy.

and Corsica became subject to their influence. History does not mention the precise time at which they quitted the island, but it is probable, that they retained the government of it until after the victories of Charles Martel, in the neighbourhood of Poictiers and Narbonne, and the revolt of the Visigoths in Spain.

The see of Rome next claimed the island, as part of the possessions with which Pepin endowed the Catholic church; whilst the republics of Pisa and Genoa mutually contended for it, asserting, that they had expelled the Arabians from its shores, and that it consequently fell to them by right of conquest. This contention was of long duration, and it was not until the Genoese succeeded in finally crushing the Pisan maritime power, that the island became exclusively subject to Genoa. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more wretched picture of government than that of the Genoese in Corsica. For more than four centuries, the republic of Genoa seems to have pursued an uninterrupted course of gross misrule. Instead of endeavouring to amalgamate the islanders with the Genoese, she treated them as a degraded caste, unworthy of any thing but slavery. A governor frequently chosen by the republic from amongst men of desperate circumstances, had

the absolute sovereignty of the island: by his mere sentence, on secret information, without trial, a person might be condemned to death, or to the galleys. The venality of the Genoese tribunals, if such they might be called, was so notorious, that the murderer felt sure to escape, if he could pay the judge for his liberation.

The immediate occasion of the insurrection of Corsica against the Genoese government, was the seizure by one of its officers of the effects of a poor woman of Bozzo, for payment of a tax of a paolo, somewhat less than six-pence English. After some expostulations by the inhabitants of the village, which drew only threats from the officer, they united and drove him away with stones. The Genoese authorities sent a body of soldiers to support their agent.

The story of the poor woman of Bozzo soon became known all over the island, and this trifling circumstance, which bore no comparison with preceding acts of tyranny, excited the whole Corsican population to arms; large bodies of men assembled in all directions, and from the defenders of an humble individual, became the assertors of the liberty of their country.

The war commenced on the side of the Corsicans with all that vigour which is inspired by the recollection of oppression. For their leader

they chose Andrea Ceccaldi, one of the chief personages of the island, whom they compelled to take the command; with him Luigi Giafferri, and Domenico Raffaelli, an ecclesiastic, were afterwards associated. The people throughout the whole island flocked round the banners of these chieftains, and prepared to make any sacrifices for the cause to which they had pledged themselves.

The Genoese, sunk at this time below the high rank they had once held in Europe, found themselves unable to compete with the patriots, and applied to the emperor of Germany for assistance.

The emperor Charles the Sixth sent them a body of auxiliaries, under the command of General Wachtendonck. These were of little service to their allies; for 1200 of them fell in a single battle with the Corsicans on the banks of the Golo.

The emperor, chagrined at this discomfiture, sent a fresh force to assist in the recovery of the island. It was placed under the command of the Prince of Wirtemberg, and was too powerful for the Corsicans to hope for the same success that had before crowned their efforts. They now had recourse to negotiation, and at length entered into a treaty with the Genoese republic,

for the reciprocal maintenance of which the emperor was guarantee. At the time of this arrangement, Ceccaldi, Giafferri, and Raffaelli, together with Aitelli, a landed proprietor of great consequence in the island, went to Genoa as hostages.

No sooner had they arrived on the opposite coast, than the perfidy of the republic displayed itself in a wish to put them to death; and she had almost obtained the emperor's consent, when the Prince of Wirtemberg discovered a strong interest in their fate; and the celebrated Prince Eugene finally obtained from the emperor an order for their release.

The truce between the Genoese and Corsicans was but of short duration; the former only waited for the departure of the German auxiliaries to commence their old system of oppression.

The Corsicans again armed themselves. Of the three chieftains who had so conspicuously figured in their preceding revolt, Ceccaldi had retired to Spain, and Rafaelli to Rome. Giafferri alone had returned to his native country. On him devolved the command, in the new struggle that was about to ensue. As his colleague in this fresh undertaking, he was fortunate enough to obtain Giacinto Paoli, the father of

the illustrious Pasquale Paoli. At this juncture, Count Domenico Rivarola, a Corsican by birth, but descended from a noble Parmesan family, attempted ineffectually to avert by negociation the storm that was impending over Genoa. The Genoese refused the most trifling concessions, and even confiscated the lands held by Rivarola on the coast of Genoa. Failing in this attempt, the Count devoted himself to the cause of his unhappy countrymen. His fidelity towards the patriots was soon put to a very powerful test; for the Genoese, managing to intercept his two sons Antonio and Nicolao, as they were crossing to Leghorn for the purpose of attending the academy of Sienna, threw these two unhappy youths into dungeons. This violent measure was followed by an offer to release them, to restore the lands of Rivarola that had been confiscated, and a promise of great command, if he would acknowledge the supremacy of the Genoese republic.

Indued with a firmness characteristic of his countrymen, Rivarola treated the solicitations of the Genoese with disdain. At the conclusion of a spirited answer, he said, "he considered their offers as nothing in comparison of the just enterprise in which he was engaged, and in which he would persevere as long as he lived."

The sons of Rivarola were afterwards released by the interference of Austria.

The war in Corsica now proceeded with great energy: and, in the language of a Corsican writer, was, like the former one, "terrible, inhuman, and barbarous." Indeed the same epithets are applicable to all the contests between the Corsicans and Genoese; there was no intermediate state between death and victory. The battles of these parties had nothing in common with the refined system of civilized warfare. The Corsicans, like the guerillas of Spain, rushed down in armed bands from the mountains; and, in a desultory manner, attacked the enemy wherever he presented himself; whilst the nature of the country, intersected by ridges of mountains, and hollowed into deep ravines rendered a regular mode of fighting on the other side impracticable. The devotion of the whole island to the cause of their country in this revolt was astonishing. The women, and even the priests, shared the ardour which animated the chiefs and military population. But the want of arms and amunition was soon severely felt; although the bells of the churches had been melted, and every material that could be used for purposes of war scrupulously collected.

This state of things naturally produced apprehensions in the minds of the Corsicans, and they began to reflect on their own poverty, as well as on the fiscal superiority of their opponents; the latter possessing arms, ammunition, and the sympathy of other governments of Europe; whilst they had no support but their own physical energies, assisted by the form of their country. The Corsicans were indulging in these melancholy reflections, when a friendly vessel arrived on their shore, provided with all that was immediately requisite to carry on the war. A personage of noble and warlike appearance landed, possessing all those outward qualifications that command the respect of mankind. He superintended the disembarking of cannon and military stores, and gratuitously distributed powder, muskets, shoes, and other accoutrements to the Corsicans, who crowded to the sea side to receive him. This was Theodore de Neuhoff, whose life partakes more of the character of romance than of the sober realities of history.

The imagination exercises a powerful sway over the people of the south. The arrival of Theodore at this critical moment; his martial air; the richness, and even fantastical cast of his

dress, all contributed to produce a great influence on ardent minds, naturally inclined to the marvellous. The chieftains at the head of the Corsican revolt were wise enough to second the almost superstitious reverence which the Corsicans paid to Theodore; and, although they had concerted this adventurer's descent on the island, still they cherished the popular idea that Theodore's arrival was a mark of the interest Heaven took in the liberty of the Corsicans; and lost no time in investing him with the supreme command. No sooner was he recognized as King of Corsica, and crowned with a laurel chaplet, than he assumed all the insignia of royalty, coined money, instituted an order of knighthood, and played the part of a king with great applause. His manifesto, in answer to Genoese proclamations, affected as great a sensitiveness of insult as could exist in the mind of a Capet. At the commencement of his reign, Theodore told the Corsicans that he had been promised succour from the continent; and condescended to employ various artifices to keep alive that expectation. His new subjects were, however, too penetrating a people to be long deceived; and, after eight months ungratified anxiety, the Corsicans began to cool in their attachment. He therefore wisely left the island,

on the pretext that he would be the persona. bearer of assistance to them. The departure o. Theodore may, in fact, be considered as the termination of his reign, and the close of his political existence.*

Although Theodore's stay in Corsica lasted only eight months, it was of great use, as it gave a new stimulus to the Corsicans. When he arrived their spirits were beginning to droop by the comparison of their own humble means with the superior resources of their antagonists; but, meeting with temporary assistance at his hands, the

* The eventful life of Theodore terminated very miserably. After leaving Corsica, and experiencing great distresses, he sought an asylum in England; but here misfortune followed him. He was imprisoned by his creditors in the King's Bench prison. A charitable contribution was made for his assistance; but it was not sufficient to extricate him from his difficulties. As an insolvent debtor he was soon released from gaol; and included the kingdom of Corsica in the schedule of his effects. He died about the 11th of December, 1756, shortly after his release from prison, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Anne's, Westminster. Horace Walpole's inscription on Theodore's monument concludes with the following lines: —

"The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead,
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head;
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread."

Corsicans once more roused themselves, and displayed such ardour, that the Genoese were forced to implore assistance from the court of France.

The solicitations of Genoa were successful; and at the commencement of the year 1737, the Marquis de Boissieux, and six batallions of French infantry, landed in the island, to aid the republic. The nature of the country and their own enthusiasm rendered the Corsicans successful, even against the brave and highly disciplined soldiery of France. Three hundred men of the French army had taken possession of Borgo, a village about nine miles from Bastia, and had there intrenched themselves in the church of Saint Appian; but in the month of November, they were expelled by the Corsicans from this post with great loss; and would have been surrounded had not the garrison of Bastia sent detachments to facilitate their retreat. Nearly two years were employed by the French in the vain attempt to reduce the island, when the court of Versailles prepared to reinforce their troops in Corsica by four additional batallions. A part of this new expedition was shipwrecked on the coast of the province of Balagna, on the left of the river Ostrigone, in the beginning of the year 1739. And now I cannot help men-

tioning a trait of Corsican character, related by an eye-witness: —

The soldiers were no sooner shipwrecked than the islanders, in detached bodies, came down upon them, and succeeded in stripping Captain Beauvigny, his sub-lieutenant, M. Fouquet, and many others, of their clothes. In this state they arrived at Palasca, where they were received by Giacinto Paoli, first chief of the patriots of Balagna, and ex-chancellor of Theodore. Here the officers met with great courtesy and even hospitality. Paoli conducted them to the best house in the village, expressed his grief that they had been stripped, and immediately provided the captain and his sub-lieutenant with clothes. The native chief had under his command four hundred armed men; many of these were priests. The prior of the Servites by a large crucifix hanging at his neck, was distinguished from other chieftains. After the French soldiers and officers had recovered from the effects of their shipwreck, they were allowed to depart unmolested to join their comrades.

The French army in Corsica, though greatly reinforced, still met with so much resistance, that the government determined on sending a much more considerable force; and accordingly

to replace M. Boissieux, who died at Bastia in the early part of the year 1739, M. de Maillebois arrived, having under his command sixteen batallions of the best troops of France, accompanied by bodies of Swiss sharpshooters. This general began his operations on a much more extensive scale, and acted at the same time with greater promptness and energy. Indeed such activity pervaded every department of his army, that the Corsicans soon found they could no longer compete with the allies of Genoa, headed by so resolute and so skilful a leader as M. de Maillebois; so that, with the exception of a few enthusiasts, who sought a refuge in the wildest parts of the island, the Corsicans laid down their arms, and recognized the government of France; whilst Giafferi and Giacinto Paoli, rather than yield to the new conquerors of the island, went abroad, and maintained their reputation and credit at the court of Naples.

Although the French thus became masters of Corsica, and even succeeded in reducing it to a tolerable state of tranquillity, they did not esteem it of consequence enough to divert them from the wider field of action which the troubles that agitated Europe presented to their attention. Accordingly, at the end of the year 1741, they abandoned the island, and left the Corsicans

once more to struggle against their old opponents. No sooner were the French departed, than the islanders resumed their warlike attitude, and made greater preparations than ever for their independence. The supreme government of Corsica was placed in the hands of Gaffori and Matra, who were entitled protectors of the kingdom. The former of these is one of the most illustrious characters in the modern history of the island; while the latter has been suspected of secretly favouring the views of Genoa. Never was there a sincerer patriot than this chieftain; he checked each feeling that might seduce him from the great object of his country's freedom. The circumstance I am about to relate will attest his patriotism, as well as inspire my readers with an aborrence of the unmanly policy pursued by the opposite party.

The Genoese were in possession of the castle of Corte, whilst it was besieged with great vigour by the Corsicans, commanded by Gaffori. By an unlucky accident, Gaffori's child, under the guidance of its nurse, strolled too near the enemy's post; and the Genoese, taking advantage of this circumstance, managed to possess themselves of both, and carried them into the castle. When the Corsicans commenced their attack upon the citadel, the Genoese held up Gaf-

fori's infant boy over that part of the rampart, against which the fire of the assailants was directed. Seeing the infant of their chieftain thus exposed to danger, the Corsicans paused for a moment, and even began to draw back; but Gaffori ordered the assault to be continued. His command was obeyed; and the child escaped as by a miracle. A circumstance now occurred which put the Genoese in jeopardy; it was the arrival of Count Domenico Rivarola at Bastia, with an English squadron. Although Great Britain had forbidden her subjects to assist the Corsicans, still, in compliance with the request of her ally, the king of Sardinia, who espoused the patriotic cause, the squadron in question was now despatched to the Corsican shores. The British ships bombarded Bastia and San Fiorenzo, both of which soon capitulated, and were thereupon delivered up to the patriots.

In this conjuncture, unhappily for the island, dissensions arose between its chieftains. A large body of the Corsicans, grateful to Count Rivarola for the assistance he had rendered them, proclaimed him generalissimo; whilst Gaffori and Matra, who were not present at his election, became jealous of this new commander; and for a time relaxed in their efforts against the common enemy of their country, to indulge in personal

animosities. The British witnessed the divisions that existed amongst the supporters of the patriotic cause, and, sailing for England, left the country in disgust. Of course, these dissensions were as useful to the Genoese as they were detrimental to the Corsicans; for although Rivarola, Giaffori, and Matra, became in a little time somewhat reconciled to each other, Genoa, taking advantage of the temporary divisions of her opponents, managed to recover possession of the important ports of Bastia and San Fiorenzo; whilst the Corsicans saw, when it was too late, the error they had committed, in losing by their own misconduct the powerful co-operation of England. Soon after this misfortune, the patriots deputed two emissaries to Lord Bristol, then the British ambassador at the Court of Turin, offering to put themselves under the protection of the English government; but the cabinet of St. James paid no attention to this proposal. At the same time that the Corsicans were endeavouring to gain the assistance of England, the French government still retaining a strong attachment for the republic of Genoa, sent General de Cursay to Corsica, to mediate between the belligerent parties.

The general had not been long arrived, when he became sensible of the true spring from which

the hostility of the Corsicans to Genoa arose; but although he used his utmost endeavours to produce a reconciliation, the islanders could not be induced to enter into an arrangement with the republic. After the jealousies had subsided which sprang from the popularity of Rivarola, on his coming to Bastia with the British squadron, the government of Corsica was participated by Gaffori, Matra, and Rivarola. But this triumvirate was but of short duration; for Rivarola, who, it seems, was one of the envoys sent to Lord Bristol, retired to the court of Turin, where he died, exerting himself in behalf of his country, in the spring of 1748; whilst Matra, towards the end of the same year, entered the service of Piedmont; thus leaving to Gaffori the sole command of the island. On this intrepid patriot then devolved the duty of directing the energies of his country; and for five years he devoted his time to the great object of her complete emancipation, until at length he fell by the hand of an assassin, who is generally supposed to have been abetted by the republic of Genoa. A new kind of government now sprang up, and Corsica submitted to the guidance of a supreme magistrature, consisting of numerous members, one of whom was Clemente Paoli, the son of Giacinto Paoli, and the elder brother of Pasquale Paoli. The charac-

The HOUSE at ROSTINO in which GEN.L PAOLI was BORN.

ter of Clemente was a singular one: of a saturnine cast of disposition, he seldom spoke to those by whom he was surrounded; a great part of his time he spent in religious observances, and in the practice of the most rigid austerities. The particulars given by Boswell of this singular man, accord with the portrait of him as drawn by Signor Viale. In short, he was the monk when at home, and the most intrepid warrior when engaged with the enemy of his country. The sanctity of his private life procured him singular veneration; and his presence in battle produced a wonderful effect on the patriots. Even when pulling the trigger to destroy his enemy, he is said to have prayed for the soul of his falling antagonist.

It was Clemente Paoli who acquainted the Corsicans with the talents possessed by his brother Pasquale; and it was at his suggestion that they sent to Naples to invite Pasquale Paoli to take upon himself the direction of their affairs.

Pasquale Paoli was born at Rostino, on the 5th of April, in the year 1725; and shortly before the commencement of the first war with the Genoese. His childhood was passed amongst his fellow countrymen; and when Giacinto Paoli retired to Naples, after the successes of the French army, in 1739, Pasquale accompanied

him thither. Giacinto cultivated the strong understanding of his son; and, at the same time, instilled into his mind the principles of patriotism. The rudiments of the art of war he acquired at the military school of Naples; and with such success did he follow his studies, that he was soon promoted to the rank of a cornet in that regiment of Neapolitan cavalry which his father commanded.

Although young when invited to Corsica to head the patriots, he had for several years indulged in the hope of personally assisting his countrymen, when the suffrages of the island called on him to take the command. Pasquale left Naples amidst the benedictions and tears of his aged father, Giacinto Paoli; and he received the trust reposed in him, with a demeanour as creditable to his firmness, as it was to his modesty. Few legislators ever had a more difficult task to execute, and he was fully aware of the great responsibility of his situation. Paoli first directed his attention to the expulsion of the enemy from the island, and although they managed to keep possession of the fortified seaport towns, to these narrow limits was the power of Genoa soon confined. His next step was to remodel, or rather to create the civil government, and in so doing he produced a beautiful

form of a representative constitution. Boswell has given many interesting particulars of this well organized system; and those who read his work will be struck with the anxiety displayed by Paoli, to couple power in the state with great personal responsibility. Indeed, so admirably were checks interposed to a corrupt exertion of political influence, that a member of the legislative assembly of the island could only serve his own private interests by consulting the general good of the nation. Genoa beheld these measures of Paoli with great uneasiness. She had reckoned much on the internal divisions that so frequently disjointed the Corsican power, and to foment these had been always a great object of her policy. No sooner, therefore, did she witness the regular form that the government of Corsica was assuming, than she attempted, for the first time, to decoy, by mildness, the patriots into a reconciliation. But they were too well acquainted with the perfidious character of their oppressor to listen to any proposal. To France, therefore, the Genoese once more applied; and the negociations in that quarter were so successful, that the French engaged to furnish six battallions of infantry to garrison the fortified towns of the island. Those who recollected the violences committed by the army under Maillebois, ex-

pected a repetition of them under the new commanders; and the fate of the Corsicans met with general sympathy. Rousseau, on this occasion, accused the French people of the basest love of tyranny.* In truth, the French government had long been in debt to the Genoese republic, and her finances being now in a miserable state, the six battallions were sent to Corsica as a mode of payment. Towards the end of the year, 1764, the French regiments arrived in the island, under the command of the Comte de Marbœuf. The treaty between France and the Genoese republic did not entitle him to engage in offensive war; he was solely to preserve the then existing state of Genoese power in the island; and accordingly these auxiliaries garrisoned the towns of Bastia, San Fiorenzo, Calvi, Algagliola, and Ajaccio; leaving the interior subject to the government of Paoli, and the constitution that he had framed.

The Corsicans acted with much prudence. On the arrival of the French, they called together a General Council of the nation; and the result of their deliberations was, to make provisions for the security of the interior, adapted to the new state of things. Guards were placed on the fron-

* "S'ils savoient un homme libre à l'autre bout du monde, je crois qu'ils iroient pour le seul plaisir de l'exterminer."

tiers of the towns occupied by the French; and Corsica enjoyed at this period a state of considerable tranquillity. The natives, at the same time, remonstrated with the court of Versailles, and called on other European powers to intercede in their behalf. It was hopeless for them to expect success in any attacks on the French garrisons: Paoli, however, did not suffer their ardour to subside, but diverted it to a new object. He secretly embarked a force for the conquest of Capraja, a little island belonging to the Genoese, about six miles long, and two or three broad; nearly opposite the isle of Elba, and in full view of the eastern coast of Corsica. This expedition completely succeeded; the landing was effected with considerable skill; and the Genoese force fled to the citadel, which, after a defence of 102 days, was surrendered to the Corsicans — the republic having, in the mean time, made several efforts to release the garrison, which were defeated by the gallantry of the Corsicans.

But the Corsicans were not long allowed to pursue their successful career. Genoa, finding herself inadequate to retain possession of the island, transferred, by the treaty of Compiegne, the virtual sovereignty of it to Lewis the Fifteenth. The treaty was in the nature of a mort.

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gage, for it contains a clause, enabling the republic to resume the possession of the island on paying the expences which the French government might in the mean time incur. Paoli in vain represented to the court of Versailles the injustice of this treaty; his remonstrances were treated with contempt. The Corsicans, however, rose *en masse* against the overwhelming power that threatened to destroy them. The islanders had now been struggling against oppression for forty years; but never before were the energies of the people so universally roused, or so well directed. Honours, emoluments, and all the temptations that the rich could offer to the poor, were held out to the Corsican leaders by the French as the price of treachery; and an army of 20,000 highly disciplined troops, now increased by frequent detachments from the continent, was used to intimidate the natives into submission. But the Corsicans were not to be seduced or intimidated. The war, though necessarily short, was marked by great courage on the part of the Corsicans. There is scarcely a village of the interior, that is not illustrious for its patriotic exertions at this period. When one of the Colonna family, who had ably defended Barbaggio, was brought a prisoner into the presence of the Comte de Marbœuf, the latter ob-

served, that Paoli must sustain a great loss in being deprived of him. The Corsican chief replied, "that every village in his district produced men of superior abilities and courage to himself, of which he hoped the French general would be soon sensible." No sooner had the native government required the ecclesiastics of the island to assist in the cause of their country, than five hundred priests enlisted themselves.

The Corsican cause soon sustained a heavy blow in the taking of Orminio, when the enemy seized 12 pieces of cannon, 800 muskets, 700 barrels of powder, besides corn and money; and at this time, 15 new battallions, under the command of the Comte de Vaux, were preparing to overrun the country.

The French army now nearly amounted to 40,000 men; and whilst the Comte de Vaux advanced into the centre of the island in one direction, detachments from Calvi and Ajaccio took the field in others, and so carried on their operations as finally to effect a junction in the interior; no hope, no motive for further exertion now remained. Corte, the native capital of the island, fell into the hands of the French without making any resistance; and in a short time, as it was natural to expect, all other places of consequence were reduced; so that most of the

principal chiefs were forced to submit to the French government.

In the mean time, the unfortunate Paoli retired to the neighbourhood of Vivario with a reduced force of 537 men; here he was continually harassed and pursued by the French troops, and was soon surrounded by 4000 of the enemy. Thus beset in every direction, he addressed his adherents in a pathetic speech, which he finished by calling on them, with great earnestness, either to force their way, sword in hand, through the ranks of their enemies, and wait in a distant clime, in the hope of happier times, for an opportunity to avenge the wrongs of their country, or else terminate the short remains of life by dying gloriously as they had lived.

Paoli then tenderly embraced some of the brave associates of his fortune, and, having made the necessary preparations to cut their way through the French troops, the chieftain and his adherents, on the same night, effected their purpose with equal success and resolution. He concealed himself two days in the ruins of a convent by the shore; after which, embarking in an English vessel that was lying at Porto Vecchio, he arrived in safety at Leghorn on the 16th of June, 1769. Although the French over-ran the island on the departure of Paoli, it was a long

time before they could be said to have undisturbed possession; many of the patriots retired to fastnesses, where they continued to harass the French. One of the most conspicuous of these was Carlo Sallicetti, who did them so much mischief, that the Comte de Vaux offered, by proclamation, 500 louis-d'ors for his head. At the same time the French government took every measure to annex Corsica to France. The ecclesiastical domains were united to the Gallican church; an endeavour was made to form a Corsican legion; but the haughty islanders declined to receive commissions in such a corps; and the plan was consequently abandoned.

The reduction of Corsica cost France largely both in men and money. By the official returns made to the French government, in August, 1769, the loss sustained in killed and wounded, to that time, amounted to 10,721, of whom 4324, including 539 officers, were killed, and 5949 appear to have died in hospitals; whilst the total expense was estimated at eighteen millions of livres. Thus terminated the forty years' struggle of the Corsicans for national independence. The war, in its commencement, progress, and result, was discreditable to the conquerors. The French, as I remarked before, had at one time endeavoured to conciliate the natives; but, in consequence of

the trouble still given by the patriots in the interior, the Comte de Marbœuf published a manifesto against the seditious, as the mountaineers were called; and shortly afterwards traversed the island, in different directions, with 3000 men. On this occasion the number of Corsicans, says Dr. Burnaby, put to death by the wheel, the gibbet, or other instruments of destruction, exceeded all computation.

I have stated that the transfer of Corsica to France, by the Genoese, was conditional rather than absolute. After a few years, the French government, wearied with keeping the Corsicans in subjection, and occupied by more important affairs, offered to the republic of Genoa to relinquish the island, on being paid twenty-eight millions of livres, the estimated costs of its subjugation. This sum the Genoese were unable to raise. For a time the fate of Corsica seemed to to be in uncertainty; whilst France was acting the part of an auctioneer, ready to accept a bidding of any purchaser*: none appeared however, and Corsica continued subject to France. Paoli remained only a short time in Italy; he determined

* Paoli says, in a letter dated 30th July, 1771, "Noi siamo dunque quel povero cencio, attualmente posto all' incanto dai potentati d'Europa."

on visiting England; and landed at Harwich on the 18th of September, 1769; and shortly afterwards we find him at London, associating with the most distinguished literary characters of the day.

Boswell describes his introduction to Johnson, and speaks of the high commendations bestowed by the latter on the General's acquaintance with the principles of language: a department of knowledge which would seem remote from the pursuits of his life. Paoli now passed his time in the tranquil and elegant pleasures of polished society; and, as his correspondence and anecdotes relating to him in the publications of that time evince, was as fitted to shine in the company of scholars as at the head of his patriotic countrymen.

Thus was Paoli living in happy, or at least cheerful exile, when the French Revolution began to attract the attention of all the civilized world. Few were there who did not approve of its commencement; and none but the basest who did not deplore the frightful excesses to which it led. Paoli's conduct in the turbulent times that ensued, was highly creditable to him; for consistency marked his character in all the critical positions in which he was afterwards placed. He hailed the moment which seemed to promise France, and consequently his own coun-

try, liberty and security under a constitutional king; but he was aware of the evils incidental to a republican form of government, and was hostile to it. Some of the chief inhabitants of Corsica now implored him to come forward in their behalf; and, yielding to such flattering solicitations, Paoli emerged from his retirement, and went to Paris.

The chief movers of the French Revolution prepared to shew him the greatest attention. The Marquis de la Fayette was among the foremost to greet him on his arrival. The unfortunate Louis XVI. and the queen, also received Paoli with marks of great favour. He had not been long in the French metropolis before, heading a deputation of Corsicans, he presented himself at the bar of the National Assembly to take the oath presented on those occasions, amidst the universal applause of the members. The address of Paoli to the assembly, in answer to the eulogies pronounced on his character, produced a great effect. "My past conduct," said he, "which you honour with your approbation is the earnest of my future behaviour. I dare assert that my whole life has been consecrated to liberty; and thus I have already made my vow to the constitution which you are establishing." While such was the language of Paoli,

those who had been engaged in the subjugation of Corsica seized every opportunity of confessing their remorse at having participated in so disgraceful a conquest. Taking leave of the king and queen, whose kindness on the occasion was very marked, Paoli left Paris for his own country. He arrived amidst the congratulations of his countrymen. All flocked round him; whilst mothers raised their babes in their arms, that they might behold the common father of their country. He was named President of the department of Corsica, and commander of the national guard; but these high offices did not dazzle him; neither does he seem to have had any other view than that of benefitting his country. He commenced his public duties by superintending the internal organization of the department; and the outline of the system proposed was sent to Paris, by one of the Gentili family, in quality of extraordinary deputy, that it might receive the approbation of the king, and of the legislative body.

Thus did the hopes of the Corsicans revive; for all things now seemed to be concurring for their advantage. They looked forward, with confidence, to times of great prosperity; and little thought that the beautiful fabric, which now for

a moment glittered in the sun, was so soon to fall by the might of the tempest.

The Corsicans are much attached to their religion; and this attachment naturally extends itself to the ministers of their church. The bishop of Corsica refused to take the oath prescribed by the French government; and Paoli could not by any entreaties prevail on him to do so; accordingly a new bishop, of the name of Guasco, was appointed to preside over the department. This appointment met with the disapprobation of the populace of the island. It was in Rogation week, and during the absence of Paoli from Bastia, that the public feeling on this subject displayed itself in a striking manner. The people of Bastia made a most imposing procession—barefooted; and, amidst the religious duties performed on those occasions, cried out and lamented that the faith was in danger: even women and children ran to menace the house of the new bishop; and then replaced in the cathedral the armorial bearings of the ejected one.

In the night, the mob insulted the chief officers of the department; and, having held a tumultuous assembly, they presented a memorial, praying that no innovation might take place in ecclesiastical matters. Such was the conduct of

the people; whilst the aristocratic part of the island, grieving for the loss of that influence which the new order of things was destroying, is said to have seconded the people in the commotion. At this juncture, Paoli received the news of the king's arrest at Varennes; and it seems he now began to doubt the favourable issue of the French Revolution.

The excesses that ensued, contributed to confirm his fears. His opinions on the subject of government, at this time, I shall give in his own words, from a letter to a friend in England, dated from Corte, 30th June, 1792.* "Your government, even in the favours it dispenses, has always in view the good policy of levelling injurious distinctions; and it does not seem to me to aim at optimism. If I were a statesman, I should abhor those projects of government, that were framed in the closet of the philoso-

* "Il vostro governo, anche nelle grazie che dispensa, ha sempre delle buone viste politiche, di far cessare le ingiuriose distinzioni; e mi pare che non voglia andare appresso all' ottimismo. Se io fossi uomo di stato, abborirei quei progetti di governo formati ne' gabinetti filosofici. Le buone leggi sono quelle, che la necessità de' tempi e la volontà del popolo hanno volute; e queste per lo più hanno la sanzione de' secoli. Ognun deve regolarsi dalla propria sperienza. Voi avete un governo che vi ha portata ricchezza e pace: segno che non è contrario alla libertà. Fate bene ad esserne più che contenti."

pher. Those are good laws which the necessity of the times and the will of the people have produced; and which, for the most part, have the sanction of ages: every person ought to conduct himself after his own experience. You have a government that has brought you riches and peace, a proof that it is not contrary to liberty. Do well then, and be more than content with it."

A person, indulging in these sentiments, could not be otherwise than obnoxious to the ruling faction in France. Imputations were cast on the character of Paoli, whose sole crime seems to have been consistency. He could not adapt his principles to all the monstrous forms into which the demon of revolution was transforming itself. Amidst the proscriptions that were daily denounced against the wise and good, it was impossible that Paoli should escape notice. He was accordingly cited to appear at the bar of the convention, or rather before the notorious committee of public safety. On declining to obey this summons, on the ground of advanced age and infirm state of health, he was proclaimed traitor, and put out of the protection of the law; whilst preparations were making to exterminate the Corsicans, who adhered to the interests of their chief.

At this crisis, the islanders applied to Lord

Hood, the British commander-in-chief, in the Mediterranean, for assistance. It was in the autumn of the year 1793.

The Admiral accordingly despatched Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Moore, and Major Koehler, to confer with Paoli on a plan of operations: Sir Gilbert Elliot accompanied them. While this negociation was going on, Nelson, then commanding the Agamemnon, cruised off the island with a small squadron, to prevent the enemy from throwing in supplies. Making a sudden descent on San Fiorenzo, he landed with 120 men. Close to the port, the French had a storehouse of flour near their only mill. Nelson threw the flour into the sea, burnt the mill; and re-embarked, before 1000 men who were sent against him could occasion any loss on his part.

In the spring of 1794, five English regiments landed in the island, under General Dundas; and Colonel Moore having possessed himself of the heights overlooking the port of San Fiorenzo, besieged the town. The French, finding themselves unable to maintain the place, sunk one of their frigates, burnt another, and retreated to Bastia. Lord Hood now submitted to General Dundas, a plan for the reduction

of that city; but the General was diffident of success, without a reinforcement from Gibraltar; and some of our troops having reconnoitred the heights that surrounded Bastia, returned to San Fiorenzo without striking a blow. Nelson's ardour, at this time, affords a striking contrast to the General's caution. He placed unbounded confidence in the courage of British seamen; and, although General D'Aubant, who shortly afterward succeeded to the command of the army, did not think it right to furnish Lord Hood with a single soldier, cannon, or any stores, his lordship and Nelson determined to attempt the reduction of Bastia. The British admiral summoned the city to surrender. M. La Combe St. Michel, the commissioner from the national convention, replied "that he had hot shot for our ships, and bayonets for our troops; and that when two-thirds of his men were killed, he would trust to the generosity of the English." But this pompous message was not followed by the firmness which such a reply seemed to augur. On the 19th of May, a treaty of capitulation was begun: that same evening, the troops from San Fiorenzo made their appearance on the hills; and on the following morning General D'Aubant arrived with the army to take possession of Bastia. The event of the siege justified the con-

fidence of the sailors. But Nelson himself was astonished, when he found the force of the enemy, amounting to 4000 men, laying down their arms to 1200 British.

Nelson was afterward despatched to co-operate, at the siege of Calvi, with General Sir Charles Stuart. This port was soon reduced; and the government of Corsica, after the surrender of Calvi, must be considered as devolving upon the English. Having thus glanced at our naval and military operations on the island, let us take a view of our diplomatic arrangements. So early as the 21st of April, 1794, Sir G. Elliot and Lord Hood sent an official letter to Paoli, stating, amongst other things, that they were empowered by His Britannic Majesty to make such dispositions as should consolidate the union of the English and the Corsican people under a common Sovereign, as well as secure for ever the independence of Corsica, and the maintenance and preservation of its own constitution, laws, and religion. Soon afterward, Paoli addressed a manifesto to his countrymen. This is an interesting document; it contains the grounds of his hostility to the French government*, and

* "Queste ragioni, e la successione interminabile delle stragi, e rovine infinite, che caraterizzano la condotta di co-

of his consequent desire that Corsica should form a part of the British empire; and he concludes by recommending the Corsicans to take the British constitution as the model, for the code about to be presented for the approbation of the English government.

This address was followed by an assembly of the nation, at Corte; and finally, a constitution was drawn up by the Corsicans, which met with the approbation of the British government, and was accordingly accepted by the viceroy, the title conferred on Sir Gilbert Elliot, in the name of the king of England. The reader will find the Corsican constitution at the end of the volume. Although the mass of the Corsicans are represented as greatly rejoiced at this new order of things, still the French had powerful friends in the country; and the island, though in military possession of the English, was not tranquil.

The viceroy, and the other persons connected

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loro, che esercitano il potere della legislazione, e del governo in Francia, l'abjurazione di ogni Religione, e di ogni Culto comandata ad un popolo infelice, e praticata con una empietà senza esempio, fecero sentire a tutti i Corsi la necessità di alienarci dal consorzio dei Francessi, e di preservarci immuni dalla malefica influenza della loro aberrazioni.

" *Paoli ai suoi Compatriotti.*"

with the government, had a difficult task to perform, to which their abilities do not appear to have been adequate. The government of an extensive empire can only be carried on according to general rules. The head of a village, however, may study the habits and dispositions of those over whom he presides; and the result of his observations may teach him what remedies are the best to correct subsisting abuses; and it may be laid down generally, that the smaller the territory, the nearer a government may approach to its primitive model, that of a private family.

Unfortunately, Sir Gilbert Elliot went out to Corsica altogether ignorant of people over whom he was to preside. Instead of adapting himself to existing circumstances, he seems to have paid little attention to them; whilst the conduct of his agents appears to have excited much irritation in the minds of the people.

The Corsicans were ill-acquainted with the management of artillery and the art of fortification, and even objected to be employed in making trenches, which produced contemptuous treatment from some of the English; while the forests, of which the islanders were proud, were laughed at by the British, as quite insignificant. Again, during a visit of the viceroy to Ajaccio, the bust of Paoli, which ornamented that city,

was thrown down; and although the author of this mean insult was never discovered, the Corsicans violently suspected the British to be the perpetrators; and this trifle made an impression against us that was not to be effaced.

These and other trivial circumstances, tended to make the Corsicans hostile to the English individually; whilst the viceroy, personally esteemed and beloved, was pursuing a course of policy little calculated to calm the irritation thus excited.

The great and well-earned influence possessed by Paoli over his countrymen, became the ground of jealousies. And a system of favouritism, in opposition to his views, induced a series of troubles which threatened to subvert the British authority. Towards the end of the year 1795, Paoli was informed, that it was his Majesty's pleasure that he should immediately leave the island, and go to England.

He did so, and arrived in London towards the end of December.* Previously to quitting

* Paoli remained in London until his death, which happened the 5th of February, 1807. He was interred in the burial ground of St. Pancras' church, and a Latin inscription from the pen of one of his countrymen, marks the situation of his remains. During his residence in London, he applied only a small part of the pension which he received from the English Government to his personal use; the greater portion

the island, he made an address to his countrymen, in which he directed all the force of his influence, to allaying the ferment that had been raised, and to inducing obedience to the British authorities.

No sooner had Paoli departed, than discontent assumed a more alarming form. His presence and example had kept many calm, who had been secretly hostile to the English, but who now openly displayed their animosity. Petitions were presented to the Viceroy, by some of the leading inhabitants assembled at Bistuglio, declaring the grounds of Corsican opposition,

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of it was devoted to relieving the distresses of others. By a codicil to his will, he directed the annual sum of £200 to be applied to paying four professors of a school which he desired to found in Corte. These were to teach,—1st. The Evidences of Christianity,—2nd. Ethics and the Laws of Nations,—3rd. The Principles of Natural Philosopy; and 4th. The Elements of the Mathematics. He also bequeathed the salary of £50 to be paid to a schoolmaster of the town of Morosaglia, in the Pieve of Rostino, who was to instruct the children of that place in reading, writing, and arithmetic: and in the event of these charitable intentions being frustrated, he directed that the annual sum of £250 should be applied towards maintaining five Corsican students in any of the chief Universities of the Continent, prescribing the mode by which the students were to be elected. Paoli's charitable bequests, are now about to be carried into effect, under the sanction and with the co-operation of the French government.

and offering means of conciliation; whilst great bodies of the disaffected assembled in the romantic neighbourhood of Bocognano. These disorders, coupled with the mutual distrust with which the Corsicans and English viewed each other, finally led to the abandonment of the island by the latter; and accordingly between the 14th and 20th of October, 1796, the viceroy and troops under the protection of Nelson, embarked for Porto Ferrajo, leaving the Corsicans once more a prey to French invasion.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the French soon repossessed themselves of the island, or at least, of its strong military positions. Those who had chiefly figured in the late revolt from the French Republic, were exiled with their families. Even the infant great nephew and niece of Paoli, one five, and the other three, years old, together with their mother, were banished to Tuscany. The sister of Paoli, worn down with age and its consequent infirmities, was summoned to Bastia. She returned for answer, "That she could not obey such unjust orders, adding, that if the French would depute some one to kill her in the house of her ancestors, she would meet her fate becomingly." This spirited answer, together with the solicitations of her friends, saved her person, but her property was confiscated.

On Buonaparte's elevation, the island of Corsica looked for marks of especial favour, but such hopes were disappointed; for Corsica seems to have been almost forgotten by Napoleon. The Corsicans are still highly patriotic, and possess strong local attachment; and in their estimation, contempt for the country of one's birth, is never to be redeemed by any other qualities. Napoleon therefore, certainly was not popular in Corsica, nor is his memory cherished there.

After the fatal termination of the Russian campaign, Corsica would have probably followed the example of other parts of the French empire, and quietly yielded to the authority of Louis XVIII, had General César Berthier, then commanding there, acted with policy. The island had been repeatedly drained by the agents of Napoleon, for the exigencies of the war; and, at this time, it was nearly exhausted of pecuniary resources; what then must have been the distress of the natives, when General Berthier, of his own authority, ordered the levy of 500,000 francs for the pressing wants of the state? Bastia was to pay a fifth. The citizens refused, and the threats of punishment offered them by General Delaunay, stimulated them to

the design of overthrowing the existing government. The chief actors in this new commotion, amounted to thirteen or fourteen persons of enterprising character. The military authorities did not at first conceive this matter of much consequence, while every moment added strength to the conspiracy. The leaders held frequent secret meetings; and things were almost matured for open hostility, when one of the chief was summoned before the mayor of Bastia. On his arrival at the *Mairie*, though he found there the person who had divulged the conspiracy; yet he denied the existence of it in spite of the attestations of the witness. The mayor conducted both parties to the sub-prefecture not far off. The sub-prefect, addressing himself to the conspirator, said, "I know there are a dozen of desperate characters, who have nothing to lose, and who wish to excite a popular commotion, by means of which, you expect to enrich yourself; but your plans are ill-conceived. The public authorities know every thing, and are as well able to frustrate your designs, as to punish the guilty." "Well Sir," replied the conspirator, "since you are so well informed, why do you delay acting? You have no time to lose, for whilst you are speaking, you cease to be sub-prefect; and before two hours are past, there perhaps will be blood shed

in the city." * With these words the conspirator left the sub-prefecture. On the staircase, he met one of his brother chiefs of the conspiracy, and returning together, they raised the people. The moment was decisive. The mayor and the sub-prefect, went to the General to concert on measures to be taken in this conjuncture; but the town was in motion, and the citadel was taken before General Delaunay could accoutre himself. The conspirators conducted themselves with great prudence. They were not certain with what eye the rest of Corsica might view their plans, and they well knew that General César Berthier had 4000 men under his command; they therefore fortified all the heights round Bastia, and sent a detachment of 1000 men, of whom 400 were inhabitants of Bastia, to possess themselves of the bridge that crossed the Golo, on the road towards Corte. They next formed a committee of Provisional Government; and even had the address to compose it of some of the principal persons of the country who had taken no part in the plot.

The situation however of this junto was very precarious; for their authority was only acknow-

* It is almost impossible to translate the energetic language used by the Corsicans; the concluding phrase in the original, was, "Ci sarà forse carne fresca per la Città."

ledged in Bastia and its immediate neighbourhood; and they knew of no other mode of maintaining it, but by obtaining assistance from the British. Accordingly, eight Corsicans were deputed to Lord William Bentinck, then commander-in-chief of the British army in the Mediterranean, to describe the events that had taken place in the island, and to beg that it might once more become subject to Great Britain. A British force under the command of Major General Montresor, was quickly despatched to the island, where it disembarked the 28th of April.

The British, on their arrival at Bastia, were received with great enthusiasm; while the French troops were in possession only of Ajaccio, Calvi, and Bonifazio.

It was soon however found that the English had no design of being more than temporary masters of Corsica, for the purpose of transferring it to Louis XVIII. So that, although a few of the natives who were inimical to the French, had indulged in the hope of again seeing Corsica under the permanent protection of England, and had even presumed to raise the British flag in opposition to that of the Bourbons, their views met with no sort of encouragement from the English; and Corsica after a few months'

occupation by General Montresor, was restored to the French Royal authorities in the island.

In viewing the past historical sketch, it is impossible not to admire the spirited efforts made by the natives to free themselves from Genoese misrule, whilst the disgraceful manner in which France originally acquired possession of the island, reflects an indelible stigma on the reign of Louis XV.

With respect to our conduct to the island, bad policy seems to be the sole ground of accusation. We might have derived great advantages from nominally annexing it to the British crown, by garrisoning the sea-ports and leaving the internal government to Paoli and his associates.

Corsica at present may be considered to be in a state of advancement. For the French government has lately had leisure to direct its thoughts towards the condition of the islanders, and its efforts to instruct them have been amply repaid by their visible general improvement. The gun and sword system pursued for nearly half a century, failed in every instance: for the Corsican can be led to obedience, but will not be driven to it; whilst the eagerness displayed by the people to learn, is only equalled by their almost religious respect for those who are intrusted with the holy charge of their edu-

cation. Too often do the Corsicans rebel against the French judicial and military authorities of the island, but the amiable director of public instruction traverses the wildest districts of Corsica alone, because the functions of his office clothe him with protection against every injury; on the mind then of the Corsican do the French now begin to ground their plans of improvement.

But there is no necessity for me to enlarge on this subject, since the recent work of the Baron de Beaumont is in every body's reach; and were I to extend my observations further, I could do little else than give an English version of his sentiments.

SECTION III.

LANGUAGE AND POETRY OF THE ISLAND.

The Corsican language is a corrupt Italian, and scarcely any two writers agree in their description of it. Boswell, the Baron de Beaumont, and M. Viale, all differ; the latter, who is I think the best authority, states it to be a mixture of Tuscan, Sicilian, Sardinian, Genoese, and French. I do not pretend to analyse the language myself. The philologist will be enabled to exercise his taste on the specimens that I shall presently present to him; and the Italian scholar, by substituting the letter o for u, in Corsican words, will find the greater part of them to be good Italian. The manner of speaking in Corsica is very disagreeable. The people give a rapid and abrupt utterance to their words; whilst the voice, shrill, at the commencement of a sentence, gradually sinks as they finish their periods. This, coupled

with their animated countenances and great gesticulation, makes one at first think that the parties talking are quarreling. The matter of their ordinary language is very figurative. A taste for poetry is common throughout the island. Almost every peasant can repeat verses; some of these are from Italian authors; others are the mountain songs, composed by the shepherds of the interior, which pass by oral tradition from father to son. My guide who conducted me from Corte to Bastia, began the 7th Canto of the Gerusalemme, and continued reciting for a quarter of an hour, until I interrupted him with enquiries about the road. Another poor Corsican I met repeated a whole poem of Fulvio Testi, the recitation of which took up at least an hour. When he paused for a moment from partial defects of memory, his fellow countryman assisted him, evincing thereby a perfect knowledge of the poem. The mountain songs of the interior are very interesting. Framed amidst scenes singularly romantic, many of them partake of the character of the country; and as they are produced by persons unacquainted with the refined rules of poetry, they possess a spirit that seldom flows from a pen checked by the fear of critical censure. Some of these Canzone are written to satirize the French, and to extol the natives.

The heroes who form the subject of others are generally banditti, or fugitive conscripts who have escaped from the vigilance of the French civil authorities, and their hardy exploits and adventures are thus perpetuated. The Corsicans are great Improvvisatori; and I learnt that the verses recited by women at the funerals of their husbands, although produced without premeditation, are frequently so expressive of sorrow as to affect in a great degree the by-standers. I am sorry that I have it not in my power to present to the reader much of the wild poetry of the interior. I was not long enough in the island, and besides, I was necessarily too much concerned with the French authorities, to obtain that confidence with the rustic Corsicans, which would have enabled me to form a good collection. I was fortunate enough to acquire two mountain songs; one a love song, and the other a satire on French effeminacy. Both of these I shall lay before the reader. I possess several poems in Italian, from the pen of Corsican writers. The longest of these is the Dionomachia, written by M. Viale, a magistrate. This is very scarce, even in Corsica! mine is perhaps the only copy in England. The poem, which is of the class of the Secchia Rapita of Tassoni, was suggested by the following circumstance:—At the time of

a solemn procession, in holy week, 1812, in the canton of Mariana, a dead ass was found lying in the public path, which leads from Borgo to Lucciana. Although the circumstance was accidental, each of these two populous villages attributed it to the enmity of the other, and a fierce and obstinate contest ensued. Borgo and Lucciana held one another in a state of blockade for many days, while sentinels with watchwords were placed on the confines. The carcass was carried backward and forward by large bodies of armed peasantry, now into one village and then again into the other. The people of Borgo once succeeded in laying it near the church-gate of Lucciana, and afterwards the inhabitants of the latter village were bold enough to impale it on the steeple of Borgo. In this affair many lives were lost on both sides; and the war would for a long time have continued, had not the Mayor of Lucciana interposed and concealed the dead body. — Thus much for historical correctness. The poem, or rather *poemetto eroi-comico*, as the author styles it, consists of seven cantos and 504 stanzas. It displays a faithful picture of Corsican feeling, and seems to have been designed by the writer to correct, by ridicule, the defects of his countrymen. I shall content myself with making three extracts from the work. The first I select describes the procession of the

people of Lucciana as they move from their church of St. Michael towards Borgo :—

Pria l'ondeggiante insegna il banderajo
Spiega, ove appar picca e bilancia avente
San Michele, che sembra un carbonajo ;
Sì brutto, che poteasi facilmente,
Se l'un non era sopra e l'altro abbasso,
Sbagliar tra San Michele e Satanasso.

L'Alfiere è Michelaccio, uom d'alta audacia,
Cattabrighe terribile e gagliardo ;
Ha quindici processi in contumacia,
E me' tratta il fucil che lo stendardo ;
Ma pur gode portar l'insegna santa
Dell'Angiol prode, il cui gran nome ei vanta.

Sieguon tutti i Fratei con ceree luci.
Ne diriggon la marcia or presta, or lenta,
E ne appajan le coppie astati duci.
Primeggia Orlando Broda, che sostenta
Un crocion così grosso e smisurato,
Che avrebbe il Cireneo certo allentato.

Poi, con Pier Piscialletto a sè compagno
Spesso alternando il peso, Anton Coglietta
Porta un Cristo massiccio di castagno,
Che pareva tagliato coll' accetta.
E di portare il Cristo ha ognor piacere;
Onde per beffa il nominâr Cristiere.

Siegue il Massajo della Compagnia,
E il Sagrestan maggior, Pieron del Grillo,
Che le lamentazion di Geremia
Sapea cantar in elefà col trillo,
Poi gli altri Sagrestan Biagio, e Macario,
E Andrea Boccadiforno Antifonario.

Infra Lallo il contralto, e Totto il basso,
Succede Frittellone Intonatore:
Indi spaccando gravemente il passo,
Vien con torcia quadruplice il Priore,
Ch' ha cappa di Cambraja da sei *franchi*,
E un bel cordon con due pendagli ai fianchi.

Ei già contava il nono prïorato.
Giampier Carota, mastro falegname,
Sottoprïor gli procedea dallato;
Tardo per un cantar di budellame
Bellicone il Pievan chiudea la squadra
In cotta riccia, e in gran berretta quadra.

Questi era un prete d' ignoranza pieno,
Che dormiva e beveva a tutte l' ore,
E consacrava a calice ripieno;
Infingardo così, ch' a monsignore
Addimandar volea la permissione
D' ir sull' asino in cotta in processione.*

My next extract is from the Fourth Canto, where Schiappino is set to watch over the carcass of *Bajone*, by night, in the village of Borgo. To dissipate his drowsiness, he serenades Filignocca; the song he sings, is, in the Corsican dialect: —

Per trarsi il sonno, ei vuol far serenata
Di Filignocca ivi al vicin portello.
Egli sa strimpellar qualche sonata,
Schiacciapaglia, ciaccona, e [1] saltarello;
E fa ottave e canzon per eccellenza,
E bei sonetti colla coda, e senza.

* The good humour with which the priesthood of Corsica bear this, and similar attacks on their order, tends to show that our own clergy are not superior to them in charity.

[1] Sonate villerecce.

Corno, fiasca, e fucil dal destro lato,
Panciuto colascion di fregi adorno
Dall' altra parte pendegli accollato;
Per plettro ha un lungo unghion, che pare un corno.
A Febo (se il confronto non l' offende)
Tal quinci l'arco, indi la cetra pende.

La voce al corno e a guidar capre usata,
Pel gelato al seren guerrier sudore,
Gli avea il catarro affatto sgangherata;
E a chi udisse in lontan l'aspro cantore
Asin parria, ch' al confratel Bajone
Trista ragliasse funeral canzone:

O specchiu d' e zitelle di la pieve,
O la miò chiara stella mattutina,
Più bianca di lu [1] brocciu e di la neve,
Più rossa d' una rosa damaschina,
Più aspra d' a cipolla, e d'u [2]stuppone,
Più dura d' una [3] teppa, e d' un [4]pentone.

Tu m' hai strigatu: eo struchiu a pocu a pocu,
Sò [5]spititatu, e au core [6]achiu gran pena.
A notte un dormu, e achiu lu sangue in focu,
Cume manghiassi u piverone a cena;
Lasciu andà le miò [7]sciotte [8]a gueru intornu,
E un tessu mancu tre [9] fattochie au jornu.

Duve fai [10] trischie u sabatu peu fornu
Eo bengu [11]in nice di circà u vitellu;
Ti facciu u chercu, e ti vo sempre attornu,
Cume lu tò agnellettu e cagnulellu.
Ami tanto u tò [12]cucchiu e u tò [13]mertinu;
E pò tant' odiu porti a me mischinu.

[1] specie di ricotta [2] melangolo [3] masso [4] macigno [5] senz' appetito [6] ho [7] capre [8] a danno [9] fiscelle [10] stipe, fascine [11] col pretesto [12] cucciolo [13] agnello

Se in [1]cherciula dai cena au mannerinu
A sera, o cogli in l' ortu l' insalata,
T' appostu, e tu ma' nun mi voi bicinu.
Eppuru eo t' amu, e t' achiu sempre amata,
Fin da quandu era tantu [2]chiuculellu
Ch' un [3]m' arrivava a coglie au sumerellu.

Lasciava spessu scumbià l' agnelle,
Cullava a coglie e frutte sui [4]chiarasci,
Cun tecu e mi jucava alle piastrelle,
E [5]guagnandu bulea [6] l'impatta in basci.
D' u morsu, chi per [7]zerga a lu [8]puchiale
Tu m' attaccasti, achiu ancu u [9]mercu avale.

Ti ricordi in quest' ultima nivata;
Tiravi e [10]tolle, e a u tò balcon supranu
Fecie tra mezzu all'[11]albe l' affaccata.
Eo fecia a bocca-risa un basciamanu.
Quelle sere eo benia da te a [12]bichiane,
E chiucavamo insemme a scallamane.

Bengu spessu cu a cetra au tò [13]fucone,
Mi [14]arrembu a tene, e allor sò tutto in bena
E sonu e cantu [15]strunelli e canzone;
Mi scordu di lo sonnu e di la cena;
U [16]troppu duv' eo sto mi par di piume,
E nun mi curu d' acciecà di fume.

Ti dedi u core, o Filignocca ingrata,
E tuttu u meo ti sarie prontu a dane.
U casciu ch' a miò vacca [17]bracanata
Mi fa 'gni jornu eo lu bendo in citane,
E all' appiettu di bapu e d' e surelle
Ti ne [18]accattu [19]friscetti, achi, e [20]curdelle.

[1] porcile [2] piccolino [3] non arrivava a montare [4] ciriegi [5] guadagnando [6] la rivincita [7] stizza [8] poggio [9] segno [10] palle di neve [11] imposte [12] vegliare [13] camino [14] mi accosto, mi stringo [15] ritornelli [16] troppo [17] cazata [18] compro [19] nastri [20] fettucce

T' achiu datu una reta crimisina
Cun quattru [1]pendalucchi, e [2]infrisciulata
Un casacchinu a frange di stamina,
Quandu lu porti pari una [3]spusata.
In [4]ghiescia la dumenica damane
Si [5]l' imbilia di tutte e paesane.

Bulentier lascerie d'esse Schiappinu
Per esse u casacchin ch' eo ti dunai,
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

The last extract I make from the Dionomachia is the sermon of Patacca to the people of Lucciana, by whose means, after the miraculous interposition of Sant' Appiano, the patron Saint of Borgo, peace is restored to the hostile villages. I should add, that the author here satirises the style of preaching of the parish priests of the island :—

Caldo di zel, che Sant' Appian gl' infuse,
Giunto al Vangelo, alla turba affollata
Fè Patacca un discorso, a cui preluse
Con sonora oratoria scatarrata :
Pax vobis, disse ai discepoli suoi
Gesù risorto, " pace sia con voi."

Oggi ei con detti sì dolci e soavi
Dà pace a tutto il mondo, anch' agli Ebrei,
Che Venerdì gli affissero a due travi
Ambe le mani, e, con rispetto, i piei ;

[1] fiocchi [2] affiorata [3] sposa [4] chiesa [5] sei l' invidia

Benchè tanti portenti e benefici
Ei fatto avesse a pro de' suoi nemici.

Fè veder zoppi, e ciechi camminare,
E, con universale ammirazione,
Satollò, per miracol singolare,
Con quattromila pan cinque persone.
Pur dagl' ingrati Ebrei quai strazj fieri,
Quai scherni e insulti ei non soffrì l' altrieri!

Una Santa* in un libro santo e dotto
Dice ch' ei centoventi mostaccioni,
E tirate di barba ebbe ventotto,
Centocinquantatre calci e spintoni,
Settanta due percosse in sulle braccia,
E trenta pugni, e venti sputi in faccia.

E or risorgendo ei dona a tutti pace.
Voi per l' insulto d' un morto asinello
Nutrite odio sì fiero e pertinace?
Pur Gesù Cristo, d' umiltà modello,
V' apprese ei stesso a tolerar non solo,
Ma ad onorar quest' umile bestiuolo.

Entro una stalla scaldò Christo infante
Un asinello col suo fiato grosso:
Non sopra un dromedario, o un elefante,
Ma *super pullum asinæ* a bisdosso
Fra gli osanna, domenica passata
Ei fè in Sion la trionfale entrata.

* Il poeta compose questa omelìa in istil balordo sul modello di varie prediche ch'egli udì da curati di campagna, uno de' quali rapportando con poco garbo, e senza quella desterità e riserbatezza che richiedesi in un pubblico sermone, tutte le ferite di G. C. noverate nelle rivelazioni di S^ta^ Brigida, e di S^ta^ Metilde, ne lesse sù una cartella un calcolo aritmetico co^i^ rotti e col totale.

L' umil cavalcatura di Gesù
Ebbe poi culto ed inni in suo preconio,
E in Francia* tempo fa stimata fu
Bestia più sacra, ch' il porcel d' Antonio,
Di Rocco il can, l' agnella del Battista,
E il bove di San Luca Evangelista.

Anzi in Sisco†, ove son reliquie rare
(Di Moise un corno, d' Esaù il pelame,
Del cane di San Rocco un mascellare,
E del porcel d'Antonio evvi un salame;
E io la punta dell' unghia ho visto e tocco
Del mignolin al manco piè d' Enocco.)

Là, forse preservato da qualch' Agnolo,
Di quel che scaldò Dio nella capanna
S' adora il barbazzale e il soccodagnolo,
Assiem collo scuffiotto di Sant' Anna,
Della Vergin Maria col moccichino,
E col bavaglio di Gesù bambino.

L' asin Cristo onorò, come ritratto
Di pace, mansuetudine e modestia,
Tai virtudi evangeliche di fatto
Niun esercita più di questa bestia.

* Nel quarto e quinto secolo nelle chiese di Rouen, Autun, Sens, Antibo, Dijon, e d' altre città della Francia, celebravasi in certi giorni dell' anno una festa detta delle calende o dei pazzi, in onore del giumento su cui G. C. fece il suo ingresso in Gerosolima. Il rito di questa solennità coll' inno, che vi si cantava, leggonsi tuttavia in un diptico trovato nella chiesa Catedrale di Sens, ed illustrato in una disertazione di M. Millin già membro dell' Istituto Nazionale.

† In Sisco (paese di Capocorso del cantone di Sagro) nella chiesa di S^ta^. Caterina conservansi certe reliquie che non sono e non saran forse mai riconosciute ed autorizzate dalla Santa Sede, e che non sono niente meno stravaganti di quelle quì dal poeta a capriccio enumerate; come a dire, una zolla del fango damasceno con cui fu formato il primo uomo le mandorle del paradiso terrestre, la verga con cui Mosè divise il mar, rosso, quella d' Aronne che fiorì nel tabernacolo, un pezzo petrificato della manna piovuta agli Ebrei nel deserto, ec. ec.

Mai dal somar s' ode un lamento, un fiotto;
Si carica, si frusta, e non fa motto.

Stanno in pace i majali, ed i caproni;
Stanno in pace le pecore, e gli agnelli;
Stanno in pace i pollastri, ed i piccioni;
Stanno in pace li bovi e i somarelli;
E voi, figli di Dio, fedei Cristiani,
Vorrete esser tra voi sempre alle mani?

Deh! fate pace: in spiaggia ogni semente
Ai caldi si seccò continui soli.
O fate or penitenza, e largamente
Dio vi feconderà grano e fagioli;
O tarda penitenza ognun di voi
A pane di lupin farà dappoi.

Io pregherò la pioggia or nel *memento*,
E l' otterrò: voi di finir tal guerra
Fate intanto di cor proponimento.
La pace amate, o miei Fedeli, in terra,
Acciò ch' in ciel, là dov' Iddio si specula,
Godiate pace *in seculorum secula*.

Having thus noticed the Dionomachia, I present my readers with an imitation in *versi sciolti* of the catastrophe of Lord Byron's Bride of Abydos. This is also from the pen of M. Viale, and is very popular in Corsica: —

Quì Selim tacque: stupefatta, e in atto
Pur d' attonito ascolto occhio non batte,
Labbro non muove la donzella, e resta

Nel caro volto immobilmente fisa.
Ma pria che desse all' amorosa gioja
Libero in lei l' alto stupore il loco,
Quasi subito lampo la riscosse
D' una face il fulgor, che fiammeggiante
Al ferrato cancel, ch' il giardin serra,
S' affaccia: ad una, a due via succedentisi
N' appajon' altre in lista — ahi! che t' acquisto,
Lassa! e ti perdo in un momento.....Fuggi,
Fuggi amor mio. — Fra l' intrecciate piante
Tralucon rosseggianti, e si sparpagliano
L' ardenti tede, al cui chiaror tremendo
Veggonsi lampeggiare ignudi brandi,
Che perseguono, incalzano, volteggiano
In sollecita inchiesta. Ultima splende
La scimitarra di Giaffir fremente
D' effrenato furor: cresce, s' appressa
De' lumi erranti il vestigar: nel cupo
Orror dell' antro ch' i due amanti asconde
Penetra un lampo trascorrente. Impavido
Ristè Selim. — L' ora di morte è giunta:
Dammi un bacio, o Zulica, il bacio estremo!
Ah! m' obliaro i fidi miei.....pur lunge
Non son: colà vigili fuochi io veggo:
Ben di quest' arma ivi s'udrà lo scoppio.
Non più; si tenti ultima prova — al colpo
Dell' ignivoma canna alto-echeggiante
Rintonò l' antro. Non tremò, non pianse
L' addolorata vergine; sul ciglio
Le arresta il pianto disperata ambascia,
E le assidera il cor: ah! nessun m' ode,
Sclama Selimo; o s' in mio scampo i remi
Quà volge amico legno, omai sol giunge
A veder la mia morte: all' alto scoppio
L' armi omicide a questa volta accorrono.
Brando paterno, or ch' io ti stringa è tempo.

Zulica, addio: torna a tue stanze, ah! torna.....
No: la tua vista di Giaffir lo sdegno
Rinfiammerebbe, o nella cieca zuffa
Errante acciar potria scontrarti il petto.
Rimanti quì; non muover passo. Tremi
Pel padre tuo? pel traditor Giaffiro?
Gran ventura or gli fia l' esserti padre.
Disse, e d' un salto si lanciò sul lido;
E in quel subito scontro al regio sgherro
Che l' affronta primiero, il cor trapassa.
Ferito un altro si ritrae; col tronco
Busto tremante altri l' arena impronta.
De' satelliti armati il cerchia e serra
La ricrescente turba: ei l' urta e rompe,
E corre al mare. Amica barca celere
Già vien; con lena disperata vogano
I fidi suoi; precipite in mar lanciasi
Fero drappel; vince dell' onde il fremito
Nautico grido animator; già prossime
Fra rimbalzati cavallier balenano
Le lunghe scimitarre.....Ah! perchè il guardo,
Misero amante, in quel fatal momento
Volgesti all' antro, e l' ultimo pensiero
D' infausto amore istupidito, immemore
Del tuo periglio t' arrestò? Repente
Fende l' aere notturno un lampo, un scoppio.
Peran così tutti i nemici miei! —
Oh qual voce? qual colpo! e da qual arma
Vola per l' ombre un sibilo di morte!
Il colpo è tuo re fratricida, e in fallo
Tu nol vibrasti; del figliuol d 'Abdalla
Ben t' insegnò l' odio fraterno il petto;
Dallo squarciato cor di sangue un rivo
Sgorga; e rossa ne va la spumante onda
Che sul naufrago capo rotolando
Mugge, e il gemito estremo in sen gli serra.

Si dileguano i nuvoli albeggianti
Al nuovo sol, che sulla trista riva
Schiara i trofei della notturna zuffa.
L' urlo ond' a notte rimbombò la piaggia
Tacea. Vedi sul lido accalcate orme
D' incorrenti e fuggenti, e infranti brandi;
Vedi impronte di mani insanguinate
Che luttar colla morte; estinte e rotte
Torce; e all' onde in balìa deserto un schifo,
Là 've per alga ammontolata il lito
Più sorge, e il flutto affronta, inviluppato
Fra gli sterpi del mar biancheggia un manto.
E scisso in due: negro-vermiglio il tinge.
Macchia ove l' onda invan si frange e spuma.
E dov' è 'l corpo, che vestì quel manto?
O voi cui giova sull' esangue spoglia
Il desiderio saziar del pianto,
Ite a mirarla ove la spinge e batte
Contro il sasso Sigeo l' onda estuante,
E di Lenno la gitta all' erma sponda.
Il tristo augel cui dall' algoso scoglio
La burrasca snidò, volteggia e strilla
Sull' agitata preda: torreggiante
E vorticosa onda sopr' onda or leva
La fredda salma; or la travolve e assorbe.
E che rileva se ludibrio a' flutti
Erra l' estinto giovinetto? ah vano
Fora per lui l' onor dell' urna! Il core
Che sospirato avria sulla sua morte,
Gli occhi, che le composte ossa e la pietra
Del suo turbante avrian di pianto asperso.....
Freddo è quel cor, chiusi quegli occhi, ahi! chiusi
Pria degli occhi di lui! Vuota è la reggia,
Nè di Zulica per la muta selva
S' ode la voce o il passo. A che, Giaffiro,
Chiedi ululando alla compagna, al lido

Dov' è tua figlia? Udisti? *Ov' è mia figlia?*
Dalla solinga grotta Eco risponde.
Suona una voce d' infortunio e lutto
Lungo il roco Ellesponto; ululi e strida
Scorron le vie d' Abido, e in ogni volto
Vedi il pianto e il pallore! Ultimo avvanzo
Della stirpe di Giaffir, o Zulica,
Giunge al chiesto imeneo, giunge in Abido
Il tuo sposo regal: ma il tuo sembiante,
Lasso! ei non vede, e nol vedrà piu mai.
Sol di tue stanze al limitar l' acuto
Compianto feminil, solo il lugubre
Fatidich' inno del Dervigi ascolta;
E colle braccia al sen piegate in cupo
Sospiroso silenzio i negri schiavi
Mira, e il tuo fato in ogni fronte impresso.
O Zulica, di Selimo la morte
Tu non vedesti! allor ch' addio ti disse
E uscì dall' antro un brivido mortale
Ti strinse il core.... egli era il tuo conforto....
La tua speranza, l' amor tuo.....Tremasti
A tal pensiero; il palpitante petto
Scoppiò in un grido, e s' acchetò per sempre.
Pace al tuo spirto doloroso, pace
Alla tua tomba verginal! Felice,
Che degli anni sul fior, sola una stilla
Al calice attingesti atro e profondo
Dell' umane miserie! Il primo istante
Del tuo penar, fu di tua vita estremo.
Ira del ciel sopra il tuo capo piombi,
Tiranno, infuria in tuo dolor, le infami
Regali bende, or vano fregio, squarcia.
Mordi pur, mordi l' esecrata destra
Onde cadeo Selimo e Abdalla; strappa
Del crin, del mento la canizie indegna!
L' orgoglio del tuo cor, l' eletta sposa

Del tuo signor, raggio di speme ai foschi
Tuoi dì cadenti, la tua figlia è spenta.
L' astro gentil, che per l' odrisio cielo
Ridea sì vago, ahi! tenebrossi! il sangue
Che tu versasti, o rè furente, estinse
Nel suo mattin quell' amorosa luce.
Nel campo delle tombe ombrato e folto
Di pallidi cipressi, infra' cui rami
Fosco chiaror, qual di perpetua sera,
D' alta mestizia il feral loco ingombra,
Verdeggia un cespo; ivi dimessa il capo,
E del color della tristezza impressa,
Sua romita beltà spiega una rosa
Languida sì ch' un venticel la sfoglia.
Pur se notte nembifera il bel fiore
Tronca, o l' aggela aura brumal, s' abbella
Al nuovo sol di redivive foglie.
Etereo spirto, che notturno vaga
Degl' infelici a visitar le tombe,
Pianamente rialza il morto stelo
E di pietose lagrime l' irrora.
Ospite pio della funerea pianta,
Ch' ombra la fossa di Zulica, in notte
L' augel canoro delle rose amante
Invisibile il volo appo quel fiore
Spiega, e dà voce qual d' armonic' arpa
Cui tocchi d'un Urís la man celeste.
I cori attrista, e gli occhi al pianto invoglia
Suo flebil metro, e il mesto bosco intorno
Del consapevol gemito risuona.
Il solingo amator, che gode assiso
Su quel funebre cespo ai dolci canti
Impietosire, odia il mattin che rompe
Quel patetico incanto; ei chiude al giorno
Gli occhi piangenti, e in mente anco la trista
De' cari lai soavità gli suona.

È fama ancor che quando in notte irati
Euro e Aquilon sulle Bosforic' onde
Luttanò a prova, e fra squarciate nubi.
Traspar la luna rosseggiante, al loco
Ove cadde Selimo, a mezzo il busto
Dall' agitato mar sorge un fantasma.
Il gondolier, che d' Elle il mar veleggia,
E mirar crede del fosco turbante
Da lunge al vento tremolar le piume,
La prua torcendo dall' infausto litò
Prega pace e riposo alla mest' ombra.

I now introduce the reader to another poet of the island, M. Antonio Luigi Raffaelli, of Tralonca. Engaged to be married, death deprived the poet of the object of his choice: and this sad event he has recorded in an Elegy, written on a nocturnal visit to the tomb of his Eliza. I make the following extracts: —

Tutto ha posa.....del tuo grato sopore
Cortese, o notte, al mondò a me nol sei,
Chè il giorno, oimè! non basta al mio dolore;
E a stender va sul ciglio sol di quei
Cui sorride fortuna, il sonno l'ale
Placide, e fugge dai mest' occhi miei.
Ah! poscia che oscurò morte fatale
Quella, che ancor fù esca ai miei desiri
Beltà, che pure, ohi! non parea mortale,
Quì vien sovente il cuore i suoi sospiri
A esalar tra le chete ombre, e nei strani
Del mio turbato immaginar deliri
Parmi talor, che, dalle ferree mani
Di morte tratta, a me che ognor la invoco
Risponda, e (o vane larve! o sogni vani!)

Quì presso di sua tomba al sacro loco
Le sue vegg' io talor forme divine
Biancheggiar della luna al lume fioco.
Quì ancor torno, e la chiamo, e alle vicine
Ramose piante se avvien pur che il vento
Agiti sibillando il verde crine,
Tendo l' orecchio, ed il soave accento
Parmi udir quasi da' suoi labbri, e intanto
Nell' ansio petto il cuor balzar mi sento;
E or quì vengh' io dal duol mio tratto, alquanto
A temprar l'amarezza del mio duolo,
Satollando la trista alma di pianto.
Deh! a me, che vedi derelitto, solo
Tra il cupo orror delle tenebre (ahi lasso!)
Errar tentone pel funebre suolo,
Sii scorta, o luna, e al mal distinto sasso,
Che chiude Elisa, ahi! fatta or muto gelo
Guida il romito dubitoso passo.....
Ma tu t' ascondi; per lo vasto cielo
Fuggenti nubi al timido splendore
Del tuo pallido volto atro fan velo.
Sol tratto tratto del lor seno fuore
Scappa, e rompe le tenebre talora
Lieve striscia di languido chiarore,
Che or breve solca l' ima valle, ed ora
L' erta, e le balze dirupate e rotte
Del nemboso vicin monte colora.....
Ecco.....ah! le mie da gemiti interrotte
Querele ascolti, e n' hai dunque pietade
O amabil astro della fosca notte?
Sulla sua tomba ecco un tuo raggio cade
E me ne addita la solinga via;
E languida non so qual voluttade,

Della dolce al mio cuor malinconia,
Che tu, o raggio patetico, m' ispiri,
Molce l' asprezza della doglia mia.....
Così splendevi, o luna.....

M. Raffaelli afterwards commemorates the happy moments passed with Elisa, on a fine summer's evening, amidst those very scenes that now surround her tomb : —

Dell' estivo seren vaga ridea
La memorabil sera, onde s' avviva
Soavemente tenera l' idea.
O noti luoghi! di fiorita riva
Meco sedeva sul dolce pendìo
Cui garrula corrente onda lambiva.
Ivi il suo cuor ella svelava, ed io
Il mio schiudeale, e insiem doleamci, e il pianto
Io nel suo sen versava, ella nel mio.
Molcean le alterne espansioni intanto
Il comun duolo, e i saggi detti onesti
Nell'alma mia scendean con nuovo incanto.
Ah nè tu, amor, più dolcemente mesti
N' udisti uscir da più bei labbri mai,
Nè più teneri e dolci atti vedesti.

The poet then describes his last interview with Elisa. She tells him the struggle that her love for the poet and her duty to her father produce; her entreaties to obtain the consent of the latter,

on which her happiness and that of her lover depended; and at length the inefficiency of her request. The author then proceeds: —

Pianse, e la voce le troncò il dolore,
E sul mio sen s' abbandonò languente,
E allor sentii del suo stretto sul mio
Cuor l' affannato palpitar frequente;
E già i miei labbri i suoi suggean, ed io
Già d' amor ebbro.....e voluttade! o istante!
Dolce bevea de' mali miei l' oblìo.....
Ahi! scossa a un tratto, dal mio petto ansante
Si svelse; e allor mentr' io l' avide invano
Braccia tendea prostrato a lei davante,
Che rispengeami con tremante mano,
E il parlar vivo de' pietosi rai
Reo m' accusava di trasporto insano,
Sacra Elisa mi parve, e appena osai
Invocarla; e in me tacque ogni desiro
Fuor che quel d' adorarla.....e l' adorai.

The poet indulges in these tender recollections, alternately exciting and çalming his sorrows: —

Ah! tutto amor vivo mi pinge innanti;
E così mi consola or che il dolore
Perfin mi è caro dei passati istanti.
S' altro non v' ha, che il mio martir ristore
Pietoso amor, deh! nella grata almeno
Illusione ognor lascia il mio cuore.

But an idea more solid and more consoling, comes to his relief:—

Ma in sonno eterno Elisa ah! no, non dorme,
E qui ancor forse, ove lasciò il suo frale,
Cui vestian belle, ahi! ma caduche forme,
Fia che volgendo l' invisibil' ale
Miri pietosa il suo fedel, che geme,
E sospiri la bella alma immortale;
E fia pur anco (o lusinghiera speme
Cui sorride il mio cuor!) ch' un dì saremo
A eternitade in sen congiunti insieme.
Deh! affretta, o morte, quel momento estremo.

The next Corsican production to which I call the attention of the reader is an ode by M. Luigi Tiberi, a retired magistrate of the interior, wherein the poet describes his mode of life:—

D' un' ampia valle di variati colli
Intorno cinta nel fecondo seno,
Vago di pinti fiori e d' erbe molli,
Sta un poggio ameno.

Vanni odorosi ivi Favonio scote,
E vi serpeggia un limpidetto rio
Lucido albergo alle stellate trote
Cui pesco anch' io.

Stà sulla cima il mio tugurio; accanto
Spiega i bei rami giovine nocciuolo
Ove sovente s' ode il dolce canto
Dell' usignuolo.

Fonte perenne vi zampilla in mezzo,
Un odoroso arancio i rami stende
Sopra, e dal sole con ameno rezzo
L' onde difende.

Sovente assiso in sulla verde sponda
Insegno dolce canzonetta all' eco,
E con più grazia la mia bella Bionda
Canta pur meco.

Spesso d' un elce alla fresc' ombra assiso,
Sul biondo musco e sulla verde erbetta,
Piacevolmente mi carezza il viso
Placida auretta.

Talor contemplo, da rural fatica
Scevro, il muggente gregge e l' innocenti
Candide agnelle in verdeggiante aprica
Valle pascenti.

Dalle fatiche mie dell' infelice
Tenera Tisbe la pietosa pianta
Dell' ingegnoso bombice nutrice
Culta si vanta.

Allor ch' ornato il crin di vaghi serti
Di dolci frutti appare autunno amico,
Colgo dai rami di mia mano inserti
La pera, e il fico;

Colgo dell' uve il genial rubino,
Di villereccia gioja echeggia il colle,
E la pingue vendemmia in largo tino
Spumeggia e bolle.

Quando l' inverno da' desert iRussi,
Soggiorno eterno a ghiacci ed a bufere,
A noi sospinge de' suoi tristi influssi
Le tetre schiere.

Esca e tepido asilo al varío armento
Grato io comparto, e dalle rustic' opre
Cesso, finch' il terren, la neve, e il vento
Sfronda e ricopre.

Riedo a' volumi dell' amica Astrea
Se più non premo il seggio suo, non puote
Vietare invidia ch' io dell' alma Dea
Sia sacerdote !

Arbitro spesso di campestri piati,
Mite io ministro non venal giustizia,
E torna mia mercè ne' cor placati
Pace e amicizia.

Ora di Grecia e Roma apro l' istoria,
Ora di Patrj Eroi tolti all' oblìo
L' inclite gesta ammiro, e di lor gloria
M' inebbrio anch' io.

Quando nel tetto mio risuona e splende
Il bel sorriso de' diletti amici,
Brillami il core, e l' alma mia s' accende
D' idee felici.

Suonano i puri cristallini calici
Colmi di vivo nettare ; la cetera
Poi tempro, e spingo con bei modi italici
Gli amici all' etera.

Così non ricco, nè a bisogno odiato
In preda, sano, alle virtudi intento,
Da cara sposa e cari figli amato,
Vivo contento.

I conclude my specimens of Corsican poetry with the only two productions of the peasantry

which I possess. As they are in the Corsican dialect, I have subjoined glossarial notes to the words most requiring illustration.

Canzone montanara Corsa d' un Pastore di Zicavo.

Andare minni[1] vuò da Succillenza[2]
E da una lattra[3] ti vodru[4] accusari,
Lu primu jurnu ch' idru[5] teni udienza,
Unu mimuriali ci vuò dari.
Si la justizia nun mi fa clemenza,
A dru[6] ministru mi vadru appillari;
Parchè tu vuoli vivi di puttenza,[7]
D' essere amatto e nun vulir amari.

Ma st' hai pinzeri[8] di vulemi amani,
Quiestu è le modu chi t' ha da tineri,
Bistemia, quannu[9] mi senti parlani,
E fatti cruci, quannu tu mi veri:[10]
Allor, la jenti nun pinzerà mali;
Vidennu[11], che mi fai tal dispiachieri.
Eppò, la sera mannami a chiamani
Par qualchi to fidatto millachieri.[12]

Gioja de' Cori e' sempre t' ho chiamattu,
E per amari a tia[13], soju[14] sordu, e muttu;
Pattu[15] piu chi nun patti unu dannattu,
Stò in didr'[16] infernu, e ti dumannu ajuttu.
Oh ingratta Donna, e parchè m' hà' burlattu,
E quistu pettu parchè l' ha farrutu?[17]
È medru[18] esseri amanti, e nun amattu
Ch' esseri amanti amattu, eppò traduttu.[19]

1 me ne 2 sua eccellenza 3 ladra 4 voglio 5 egli 6 lo 7 prepotenza 8 pensiere 9 quando 10 vedi 11 vedendo 12 messaggiero 13 te 14 sono 15 patisco 16 nell' 17 ferito 18 meglio 19 tradito

Gioja, tu m' ha' riduttu a singhiu [1] tali,
Voju [2] a la messa, e nun so duvi sia.
Nun ascoltu parodra [3] di missali,
E nun soju [4] più di [5] dr' ave Maria;
Quann' e' la dico, nudra [6] nun mi vali,
Parchi t' ho sempri in ti la fantasia.
E parchi e' soju a te troppu riali, [7]
In onghi locu sempri ti vurria.

Quann' e' ti veccu [8] in qualche loccu stari,
Ti pregue anima mia nun ti partiri;
Lasciami in cu quest' occhi saziari,
Ch' attru nun bramu sol ch' a tio vidiri.
La to mammaccia mi faci adirari
Peghiu chi mortu mi vurrio vidiri.
Edra dici che sempre m' adruntani, [9]
E chi nun ti fichiuli [10], e nun ti miri.

Soju stattu a confissami, o Divia mia
Sa' chi m' ha dittu lu me cunfissoru?
Dicci ch' affattu e mi scordi di Tia,
Chi se ci penzu mi conzummu e moru
S' e' la facissi gran pena aviria
A nun pinzari a vo', riccu tisoru.
Ma quistu è veru, e nun dicu bugia:
Se t' amu è penu, e se nun t' amu è moru.

Disidara u malattu risanari,
L' imprighiunattu di prighioni usciri,
Disidara u von [11] tempu u marinari;
Par [12] puteri u viaghiu suu siguiri,
Dinari, oru, ed arghientu accumulari,
Per puteri l' intentu conseguiri.
Et t' e' desideru puter bachiari
La to bucchiuchia [13] eppò doppu muriri.

[1] segno [2] vado [3] parola [4] so [5] dire [6] nulla [7] fedele
[8] veggo [9] allontani [10] vagheggi [11] buon [12] per [13] boccuccia.

Senza malizia e' ti vorrè parlani
Senza malizia una volta in cun tia;
Senza malizia e' ti vorrè tirani
Senza malizia in di la stanza mia
* * * * * * .
* * * * * * .
* * * * * *
* * * * * *

L' acedru [1] innamurattu spessu gira,
Vulandu par li boschi e la campagna;
E chivi canta, e quinci intornu mira,
Per rittruar l' amatta su' cumpagna.
Quannu po nun dra trova edru s' adira
E cu dulenti cantu edru si lagna
Ed e' quannu ti cercu, e nun ti trovu,
E mille pene, e mille affanni e' provu.

E' t' amu tantu, e mi ne doju [2] lu vantu
Chi nissunu nun t' ama quantu e mia.
Ti portu scrittu in questu pettu tantu,
Chi mai nun m' esci da la fantasia;
S' tu vuoi sapiri quantu sia 'stu tantu,
E' quantu il pettu, e il cor dedr' alma mia.
S' intrassi in Paradisu santu, santu,
E nun truvacci a tia mi n' esceria.

[1] uccello [2] do [3] trovassi.

Boceratu burlescu fattu nella Pieve di Alesani.

Era Jacumu Francescu
Un omettu barbi-rossu,
Avia lu nasu inciaccatu, [1]
Ed avia lu capu grossu ;
Ma s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza

Ellu merchiava [2] alla fitta [3]
Chi paria un Solimanu ;
Una gamba avia diritta,
L' altra passava di pianu ;
Ma s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.

Di matilga avia un ghileccu, [4]
Cu li stifali a campana,
Calzari di cordovana,
E un cultellu appiuzu-steccu ; [5]
Ma s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza

Avia lesina a fucace, [6]
Avia una pistola a trippa,
Avia una lima mordace,
Ed avia anch' una pippa ;
E s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.

[1] schiacciato [2] marciava' [3] lentemente [4] giulecco
[5] aguzza-stecchi [6] battifuoco

Avia un pettinellu d'ossu,
E un taccu[1] d' erba tabacca;
Avia anch' un bursellu rossu,
E altri mobili di stacca;[2]
Ma s' ellu affacava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.

Ellu un n' era tantu bruttu,
Ni mancu era tantu bellu,
Ma per fa, un pocu di tuttu,
Nun ci n' era cume d' ellu;
Ma s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.

Quand' era in conversazione
Nun facia mottu ne tottu;
* * * * *
* * * * *
Ma s' ellu affaccava in piazza
Era specchiu di la razza.

Si bidia[3] qualche fristere[4]
Paria toccu da lu piombu;
Nun bulia le buone sere,
Ellu no, lu mio culombu,
E fughia dalla piazza.
Cumu lu merlu di razza.

[1] tasca [2] saccoccia [3] vedeva [4] forestiere.

SECTION IV.

CONCLUSION.

Corsica at present forms one department of the French empire, and consists of the arrondissements of Ajaccio, Bastia, Calvi, Corte, and Sartene. These again are subdivided into cantons, and the cantons into communes. Without tiring the reader with a long list of names, the civil divisions of the island comprise five arrondissements, sixty cantons, and three hundred and fifty-four communes. The prefect of the department resides at Ajaccio; a sub-prefect in each of the five arrondissements, and a mayor in each of the communes. The system by which the French departments are regulated seems to be generally inconvenient, but its defects are particularly conspicuous in Corsica, a country of mountains and almost without a road, and where all correspondence is conveyed by a

messenger on foot guarded by soldiery. The prefect is frequently forced to wait seventeen days for an answer to a letter directed to a distant commune; and it sometimes happens that several months elapse before a commune can obtain permission to remove a nuisance, or remedy a trifling defect in any public work. An instance of this crying evil is afforded me by the sub-prefect of the arrondissement of Calvi. A village fountain was out of order, and fifteen francs would have paid the expense of its reparation; but it was necessary to proceed regularly in this matter. The mayor of the commune writes to the sub-prefect of the arrondissement for permission to convene a municipal council. The sub-prefect transmits the request to the prefect, the latter acquaints the sub-prefect that he authorises the meeting of the council; the sub-prefect transmits this authority to the mayor, the mayor convokes the council, who vote accordingly. The *procés-verbal* of their deliberation is sent to the mayor and by him to the sub-prefect, who *provisionally* approves of it, and he transmits it to the prefect. The prefect having given his *definite* approbation, sends back the *procès verbal* to the sub-prefect, who transmits it to the mayor charging him to cause an estimate to be made of the expenses. The estimate is

subjected to the same forms, and afterwards the particulars of the rate to be levied on the inhabitants of the commune. If these are approved of, the prefect, in the same circuitous mode as before, directs the mayor to proceed to adjudication. Of this another *procès-verbal* is made, and after a fresh *provisional* approbation of the sub-prefect and another *definitive* approbation by the prefect, the mayor gives the necessary orders for the fountain to be mended. Soon after the commencement of this long correspondence the spring ceased to flow, and the commune was without water while twenty letters, two *procès-verbaux*, an estimate, and a rate travelled successively over the island. A royal ordinance has lately in some measure remedied this sort of evil in Corsica, but still the power of the sub-prefect and mayors of the island is so circumscribed, that they can scarcely do any thing without a prior correspondence with the prefect.

With respect to the geography of Corsica, I believe that no good map of it has ever yet been published, although a very correct survey of the island has been made, and which now hangs up in the prefecture of Ajaccio. According to M. Pietri of Sartene the circumference of Corsica is about 593 English

miles, and its area 2,163,110 English acres; of which 648,590 are cultivated, 601,644 capable of cultivation, and 912,876 neither cultivated, nor capable of being so.*

By a census taken in 1821, the population of the island amounted to 180,348 individuals. Of these Bastia contains 9316 souls; Ajaccio 7401; Corte 2735; Bonifazio 2479; Sartene 2200; Porto-Vecchio 1298; Calvi 1175; Isola Rossa 748; San Fiorenzo 410, and the 345 rural communes 152,586. Of the general productiveness of the soil I do not choose to hazard an opinion, since in these matters guessing is not to be endured: however the Baron de Beaumont has given the result of ten years' cultivation of his arrondissement, and that I have reduced to English measures and inserted in the Appendix.

The direct contributions of all kinds levied in Corsica amount to 400,000 francs, stamps (*enregistrement*) produce 30,000 francs, and the custom-house yields 70,000 francs, making in all a revenue of 500,000 francs; so that dividing

* La circonférence 489,615 toises †, et toute la superficie 2,072,441 arpens de 20 verges, dont 621,404 sont cultivés, 576,426 incultes, mais susceptibles de culture, et 874,612 qui ne sont ni cultivés, ni propres à le devenir.

† *In this computation, the windings of the bays and creeks must have been reckoned.*

the amount of direct taxation, 400,000 francs by the number of the population 180,348; every Corsican pays on the average 2 francs 22 centièmes for the advantages of a government.

These contributions are far from commensurate with the expenses which Corsica entails on the French treasury. France pays annually about 3,000,000 francs to maintain the island, of which the pay of the military absorbs 1,700,000 francs. If, however, we assume with the Baron de Beaumont, that the French would not diminish their military establishment, supposing Corsica to be abandoned; then the island costs the government only 1,300,000 francs per annum, and that sum may be further diminished, by considering the advantages derived by the French navy from the timber of the forests of Vizzavona and Ajtona.

Money as a medium of traffic is seldom employed in the interior, except in the principal towns. The simple exchange of one article for another, constitutes, for the most part, the internal commerce of the natives.*

The rent of land is generally paid by a certain

* In the language of Tacitus, "Interiores simpliciùs et antiquiùs permutatione mercium utuntur."—*De Mor. Ger.* c. 5.

quantity of the produce. I learnt at Corte that an acre (*arpent*) of good land would yield the annual rent of 80 measures of corn of 20lbs. weight. Such, then, is the primitive state of the island in a commercial and agricultural point of view.

That it is a country possessing great capabilities of being productive, the wild vegetation growing so luxuriantly in its valleys, abundantly indicates; but, unhappily, no excitement has hitherto been given to Corsican industry. If Corsica was not allowed to retain that state of independency which she once acquired, it is to be regretted she should have fallen into the hands of a military, rather than of a commercial people; since we cannot expect that the haughty and frugal natives will laboriously employ themselves, without the stimulus of an external commerce, creating new wants, and putting the springs of industry in motion.

For too many years the French have been seduced, by the phantom of military glory, from a consideration of the legitimate sources of national greatness; and the bad policy of France is no where more apparent than in Corsica. But let us hope that the time is not remote, when our neighbours will look upon the glitter of warlike

triumphs as of little consequence in comparison with the solid comforts enjoyed by a commercial nation, governed by mild and equable laws, and possessing as much liberty, as is consistent with individual and political security.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX A.

I HAVE a large collection of Viterbi's writings, that were penned by him whilst imprisoned at Bastia, but I content myself with inserting two entire specimens of his poetry, and a fragment of a third; I however subjoin the journal which he kept in prison from the 25th of November to the 18th of December, 1821.

I.

The following *versi sciolti* are addressed to the spectre of Pietro Viterbi, which Luc' Antonio believed he saw in his prison on the evening of the 21st of October:—

Che pretendi? che cerchi ombra notturna
Che d' intorno m' aggiri? Ah! tu per certo
Larva infausta non sei: Fisso mi guardi,
E amaramente piangi? Ah! quel tuo pianto
Mi scende al cor: dimmi, chi sei, che tanta
Parte prendi al destin d' un infelice?
Le lagrime raddoppi! Ah ti conosco!
L' ombra onorata sei del fratel mio.
Tu più dunque non vivi? Iniqua Parca
Troncò vita si bella? Ah! la virtude

Senza premio non sta; felici giorni
Traggi lontan dalla perfidia umana,
Abitator del fortunato Eliso.
Ed io frattanto fra l' angoscie involto
E di catene avvinto a lunghi sorsi
La coppa intera del dolore io bevo,
E mangio il pan dell' amarezza; tristi
Sono i miei dì, terribili le notti;
Nullo consolatore in tanti affanni
Sulla terra mi resta. Unica speme
M' eri tu, fratel mio: barbara morte
Tutto con te mi tolse. Aveva un figlio
Ahi sventurato figlio! egli é bersaglio
Di fortuna crudel; asilo ei cerca
In lontano emisfero, e invan lo chiamo.
Mai più nol rivedrò. Sorte inumana,
Rinforza il tuo livore: empio destino,
Versa nell' alma mia tutto il tuo fiele.
Io ti sfido e ti sprezzo: il mio coraggio
E l' innocenza mia sono e saranno
Ai dardi tuoi non penetrabil scudo.
E tu del fratel mio, spettro dolente,
Queto ten torna ad abitar gli elisi.
Non è lontano de' miei giorni il fine;
Là ti aggiungerò; là vò del mondo
Obliare l' ingiustizie, e i tradimenti,
L' ire, gli sdegni, e le querele insane.

II.

The following *quartine* descriptive of the Poet's sufferings were addressed to one of Viterbi's most intimate friends:—

Amico, sul mio capo empio destino
Versò tutto il suo sdegno, il suo livore:
Già mi tolse ogni fisico vigore,
E al confin della morte io m' avvicino.

Le mie sventure sono tali e tante
Da spaventare un Ercole e un Sansone;
Io non tremo; il coraggio e la ragione
Per resister mi dan forza bastante.

Anima fiera, imperturbabil core
Mi concesse la provida natura.
Ho di più netta la coscenza, e pura;
Dell' innocenza il nobile candore.

I miei nemici m' hanno tolto un figlio,
Figlio infelice! profugo sbandito,
Dall' insidie de' lupi egli è fuggito:
Esso è dannato ad un eterno esiglio.

Il mio caro fratel Don Pietro è morto,
Dalle sventure vinto, e non dagli anni;
Egli solo poteva in tanti affanni
Di sollievo servirme e di conforto.

Degl' iniqui il concilio, un tribunale
Divorato da' ingorda orrida brama
Di togliermi la vita, e la mia fama,
Pervennero a compir l' opra fatale.

Il falso, l' impostura, il tradimento,
Di potente nemico orride trame,
Servir di base alla sentenza infame,
Dell' Ingiustizia eterno monumento.

A tante iniquità l' Altitonante
Non si risveglia ancor, nè le tremende
Saëtte sue vendicatrici accende?
Già le prepara, ed è vicin l' istante.

Fui chiuso allora in fetido recinto
Ove luce del sol mai non penetra,
Nè pietà nè compassion s' impetra,
E fin di ferri avviluppato e cinto.

Io di notturno lume al chiaro foco
Veglio le notti intiere, e veglio il giorno;
Nè perchè notte faccia a me ritorno:
Nè modo cambio mai, nè cambio loco.

Inveterato mal, fermo costante,
Lentamente mi strugge, e de' miei guai
Cresce la massa, e rassomiglio ormai
Ad un vero cadavere ambulante.

Avea de' beni: or consumato è tutto:
Io lascio sette figlie, e la consorte
Afflitte ed abbattute dalla sorte;
E per retaggio mio lor lascio il lutto.

Piangon le figlie sopra 'l caso mio;
Piangon sull' innocente condannato;
Piangono sul fratello sventurato,
E sulla tomba dell' estinto zio.

Acuto strale mi traffigge il cuore;
Le viscere mi straccia aspro cordoglio;
Pianger non devo, e piangere non voglio;
Ma unisco al pianto loro il mio dolore.

Quest' è l' ultima scena; ogni speranza,
Ogni lusinga è dal mio sen fuggita;
Ma serbo e serberò, finchè avrò vita,
De' miei beni il miglior, la mia costanza.

Io raccomando a te la mia famiglia:
Tu solo e vero del mio cuore amico,
Tu la difendi dal furor nemico;
Tu la consola, reggila e consiglia.

III.

The *terzine* which ensue form the conclusion of a long letter directed by Viterbi to his absent son. They are the last verses written by that extraordinary character. The letter contains a minute detail of the circumstances attending the Poet's arrest and imprisonment. The awful feeling of revenge that pervades the whole will be estimated by the following extract:—

Senza assistenza quì, senza consiglio,
Dopo Dio non mi resta altra speranza,
Che in te, mio caro, ed aspettato Figlio.
Pronto ritorna alla natia tua stanza,
Dalle sventure tue dotto ed instrutto,
Armato di coraggio, e di costanza.
Qual di torrente vorticoso flutto,
Che schianta boschi, invade valli e campi,
Ed empie le città di pianto e lutto,
Al tuo giugner così di sdegno avvampi
Il fiero maschio tuo sublime core,
Nè in esso la pietade orme vi stampi.

Terremoto che 'l mondo empié d' orrore;
Che tutto rompe, atterra, apre, e fracassa,
Fia piccola sembianza al tuo furore.
Scanna l' iniquo capo*, e fa man bassa
Sull' infame progenie, e i sanguinosi
Corpi tutti in un cumolo rammassa.
Guardarli, o seppellirli alcun non osi;
Ma sian di pasto, pei spietati esempio,
Ai crocidanti augei nero-piumosi.
I teschi appesi restino nel tempio,
Affinchè possa dirsi in avvenire;
Havvi un Viterbi che dègli empj è scempio.
Sò, sò che son vicino al mio morire,
Nè spettator sarò d' una tal scena;
Ma sò pur che fatidico è 'l mio dire;
Perciò la morte non m' apporta pena.

Giornale, incominciato li 25. Novembre dell' anno 1821. da Luc' Antonio Viterbi, condannato alla pena di morte.

25. IXbre. Alle 10. di mattina ho mangiato con appetenza, ed abbondantemente. Alle 3. pomeridiane ho preso undici porzioni di composizione narcotica.

Fin' alle 11. di sera ho sempre vegliato, e sono stato tranquillissimo; un dolce calore mi serpeggiava per le vene, la diarrea arrestata, i dolori intieramente cessati, le bocche della fistola disseccate, la gonfiezza della stessa in tutto dissipata. Verso le 11. mi sono addormentato, ed ho profondamente riposato fin' a un' ora. Uno dei costodi allora mi domandò, s' io dormiva, ed ebbi appena la forza di far conoscere ch' io vegliava.

* This is directed against M. Boucher, the First President of the Cour Royale of Bastia, at the time of Viterbi's condemnation.

26. IXbre. M' addormentai quasi subito, ed ho passato quattr' ore in un profondo letargo; il bisogno di andar al comodo mi riscosse sulle cinque e mezzo.

Dopo ho passato qualch' ora frà il sonno, e la veglia; fino alle undici più dolcissimi sonni interrotti da sogni brevissimi. Dopo le undici diminuì, ma non cessò intieramente la sonnolenza, ed ho consumata la giornata senza incomodi, e senza sentir bisogno alcuno; m' accorsi allora, che l' elisire narcotico non operava più nulla sul mio individuo. Ho finito il giorno 26. assai tranquillamente. Venuta la notte ho avuto una conversazione co' custodi delle carceri, e con tre soldati di guardia, e questa è durata fin' alla mezza notte.

27. IXbre. Verso un' ora ho incominciato a dormire, ed ho passato tre ore e mezzo, senza essermi riscosso. Dopo le quattr' e mezzo ho dormito ancora più d' un' ora, il bisogno di visitare il comodo mi destò e mi trovai assai in forza, e non in alcun modo sconcertato, aveva solamente la bocca un poco amara. Eccomi al fine dei due giorni passati senza mangiare, e senza sentire incomodo, o provar bisogn' alcuno.*

2. Xbre. Oggi alle tre ho mangiato con appetenza, ed ho passata la notte assai tranquilla.

3. Xbre. Lunedi senza mangiare, nè bevere, e senza essere agitato dalla privazione.

4. Xbre. Martedi senza pigliar cibo, o bevanda d' alcuna spezie; e tanto il giorno, che la notte sono stato in uno stato da lusingare qualunque non fosse stato nella mia situazione. La fistola disseccata, la diarrea distrutta, ed il corpo tutto in una posizione la più vantaggiosa.

* The MS. copy that I have of Viterbi's Journal is here defective; for I find no mention of the four days intervening between the 27th of November and the 2d of December.

5. Xbre. La notte precedente a questo giorno l' ho passata senza mai dormire, quantunque nel resto io non soffrissi alcuna agitazione fisica; l' animo solo era in gran tumulto. La mattina è stata più calma; il giorno lo stesso. Sono di già alle due dopo mezzo giorno, e dopo tre giorni il mio polso non presentà convulsione febbrile di rilievo, il movimento è un pochino piu rapido, e la pulsazione piu grave, e piu ottusa; non sento incomodo d' alcuna specie. Lo stomaco, ed il ventre in calma perfetta; la testa sgombra, l' immaginazione fervida, la vista chiarissima, niuna premura di mangiare, o di bere, anzi non sento stimolo alcuno per i due oggetti. Trà un' ora finisce il terzo giorno da chè ho cominciato ad astenermi dal prender cibo. Bocca senz' amarezza, udito fino, vigore in tutto il corpo. Verso le quattr' e mezzo ho chiuso gli occhj per poch' istanti; ma un tremore per tutta la vita mi riscosse quasi subito. Sulle cinque e mezzo ho cominciato a sentire dei dolori nella mammella sinistra non però fissi. Il polso comincia a dilungarsi verso il gomito come un sottilissimo filo.

Dopo le otto ho riposato tranquillamente un' ora; ed ho trovato il mio polso nella calma la piu perfetta. Sulle nove e mezzo sonno dolce, e profondo fin' alle undici; notabile indebolimento nella pulsazione, ma regolare, e profondo, niuna alterazione nel resto. A mezza notte calma perfetta in tutto, e particolarmente nel polso. A un' ora fauci inaridite, sete piccante. Alle otto e mezzo, lo stesso stato, eccettuato un piccolo dolore al cuore; il polso sinistro fornisce oscillazioni opposte a quelle del dritto, cioè annuncianti lo sconcerto occasionato dalla privazione del nutrimento.

6. Xbre. Quando mancò il mezzo primo persi il coraggio, ed il buon senso. La situazione non potea essere più lagrimosa; tutti gli altri creduti certi furon

preclusi; ogni rapporto, ogni parola lusingava un' anima indebolita dalle disaventure. Il medico mi consigliò a mangiare, assicurando, che la privazione del cibo m' avrebbe fatto vivere sicuramente quindici giorni. L' eccessiva delicatezza dell' Avvocato Marj è la causa di tutte le presenti angoscie; presi il partito d' empiermi il ventre, sulla speranza che l' eccesso producesse buon effetto; questo fu contrario al fine, e fè cessar la diarrea; infine, io sono stato in tutto sfortunato, ed infelice.*

6. Xbre. Niente febbre, eppure son quattro giorni, che non mangio, nè bevo. Io merito pietà, e compassione, e non rinprovero. Cominciai più che da Catone, il fine forse corresponderà al principio. Soffro con fermezza, e coraggio imperturbabile, e costanza inalterabile, una sete ardentissima, ed una fame divorante. Alle dieci dello stesso giorno regolarità, ed indebolimento nel polso; la testa comincia ad ingombrarsi. A mezzo giorno preciso comincia a scoprirsi intermittenza nel polso dritto, e piu distinta, e marcata nel sinistro.

Alle tre, polso debolissimo, intermittenza cessata, vista vacillante. Alle quattro ripiglia l' intermittenza con testa alquanto ingombrata. Alle sei l' intermittenza è cessata, il polso ripreso forza, ed è alquanto regolare. Alle nove abbattimento di forze, il polso piuttosto regolare, la bocca secca. Dodici variazioni strane nel polso, ora debole; ma regolare; bocca, e fauci inaridite, sonno tranquillo di mezz' ora circa.

* To render this paragraph less obscure, I should observe that Viterbi at first attempted to destroy himself with opium. Failing in that attempt; and after a temporary abstinence of several days, he ate to a forced excess; conceiving death might be produced by those means: but he was here again disappointed. Starvation was his last resource.

7. Xbre. Alle sei e mezzo ho dormito più di quattr' ore tranquillamente. Allorchè mi svegliai giramenti di testa, sete ardente, polso in gran movimento. Ore nove calma nel polso fin' alle otto e mezzo; movimento convulsivo con intermittenza nel sinistro; intermittenza più lenta nel dritto, la sete diminuita. A mezzo giorno polso regolare. Alle due sete ardente, polso debole, ma con movimento non febbrile. Alle quattro intermittenza pronunciata in ambi i polsi. Alle sei polso in calma perfetta. Ore dodici, sete grande con amarezza in bocca, polso tranquillo, quiete in tutto il resto.

8. Xbre. Ore quattro dopo mezza notte, ardentissima sete, regolarità, e calma nel resto, con qualche ora di sonno quietissimo, Ore otto di mattina, riposo di due ore quietissimo, bocca aridissima, sete ardentissima, le fauci disseccate, la lingua coperta al segno da impedirmi di parlare.

12. ore. Intermittenza alle undici; calma in tutto alle dodici, sete ardentissima continua.

4. ore. Nell' intervallo riposo placido di mezz' ora, e più; quando fui svegliato, giramenti di testa per due minuti, calma, e tranquilla regolarità nel polso, sete continua, ed ardente, quiete intiera nel resto del corpo, Le forze diminuiscono; le urine infiammate.

8. ore. Polso vigoroso con intermittenza ad ogni terza pulsazione; quiete tranquilla in tutto il resto del corpo, sete ardentissima.*

10. ore. Polso intermittente ad ogni terzo colpo, con prontissima vibrazione, sete ardentissima.

12. Un' ora di riposo; quando mi svegliai spaventosi giramenti di testa, polso in disordine con intermit-

* Thus much of the original Journal occurs in Viterbi's own handwriting, the rest however was dictated, approved of, and signed by him.

tenza; sete ardentissima, debolezza generale particolarmente nella vista.

9. Xbre. All' ore tre. In quest' intervallo un' ora di riposo; cessato il sonno giramenti di testa, accompagnati dai sintomi precedenti. Alle 6. Nell' intervallo un' ora di riposo; e questo sonno fu seguito dai medesimi sintomi enunciati nei due precedenti articoli. Alle 10. Dopo le sette il polso non presenta più oscillazioni febbrili nè intermittenza alcuna, debolezza estrema nella pulsazione, sete ardentissima. Alle 3. pomeridiane. Nell' intervallo mezz' ora di sonno placido; quello cessato, polso con intermittenza, e piccoli giramenti di testa, sete ardentissima, ed incessante. In seguito, testa tranquilla, calma perfetta nello stomaco, e nel ventre, pulsazione regolarissima; trà mezzo giorno le due orecchie, naso, e mani fredde; ora caldo il naso, le mani, e le orecchie. Alle 8. Polso vigoroso, e regolare; la testa libera, stomaco, e ventre tranquillo, vista chiara, udito fino, sete ardentissima, il resto del corpo vigoroso. Alle 10. Il solo timore dell' ignominia, e non il timore dello morte, m' ha fermamente determinato, a pigliare la risoluzione d' astenermi d' ogni sorta di cibo, e di bevanda; nell' esecuzione di questo mio strano, e straordinario progetto soffro le più spaventose angoscie, e tormenti più inauditi. Il mio coraggio, e la mia innocenza, mi dan la forza sufficiente per superare le angoscie, che mi vengono occasionate da una tanto lunga privazione. Io perdono quei giudici, che m' hanno condannato per sincera convinzione. Giuro un odio eterno, un odio implacabile, odio di morte, che sarà tramandato ai miei più lontani nepoti, contro l' infame, l' abbominevole, il sanguinario Boucher; questo mostro d' iniquità, seguendo gl' impulsi del suo odio particolare ha per vendicarsi voluto consumare il sacrifizio d' un

intiera, onesta, ed innocente famiglia. Continuano i sintomi antecedenti. Polso tranquillo, sete ardentissima.

10. Xbre. Alle 8. ore di mattinà. Regolarità nel polso, sete ardente fin' alle sei, diminuita considerabilmente dalle sei all' otto, due ore di riposo tranquillo in due punti diversi, giramenti di testa quando mi sono svegliato, debolezza grande nel polso, ma regolarità nel movimento. S' è vero, che nei campi Elisi si conservi la memoria delle cose di questo mondo, avrò sempre davanti gli occhj miei l' immagine del protettore dell' innocenza, e della verità, il rispettabile consigliere Abbatucci; possino piovere sopra di lui, e sù tutta la di lui posterità tutt' i favori della fortuna, e del cielo. Io gliel' auguro col cuore ricolmo della piu sincera riconoscenza. All' ore dodici testa ferma, tranquillità nello stomaco, e nel ventre, vista chiara, finezza nell' udito, e mi piace sempre di prendere il tabacco, la regolarità del polso continua, la sete ripiglia il suo pristino vigore; non sento più stimolo alcuno per mangiare. Alle 10. Sete incessantemente ardentissima, polso regolare, quantunque un poco più accellerato. Ho avuto nel dopo mezzo giorno più volte forte stimolo di mangiare; nel resto tranquillità, e quiete nel resto del corpo.

11. Xbre. All' ore sei di mattina. Dopo le 10. di jeri sera, polso regolare con vibrazioni vigorose; prima della mezza notte avidità grande di mangiare, sete inestinguibile, sonno tranquillo d' un' ora. Dopo la mezza notte risvegliato ho trovato il mio polso, che avea diminuito di vigore, ma conserva la medesima regolarità; nell' ore susseguenti, sonno tranquillo, sete resa più soffribile, pulsazioni debolissime, ed annunzianti vicino il fine de miei giorni. Io ho intrapreso, ed eseguito un progetto forse il più straordinario, il più stravagante, che sia mai stato immaginato dall' uomo; si io l' ho

eseguito soffrendo pene incredibili, ed atrocissime per liberare la mia famiglia, i miei parenti, i miei amici dall' ignominia e dal disonore; per non dare la soddisfazione ai miei nemici di veder cadere la mia testa sotto il ferro tagliante della ghigliottina, e per far conoscere al mostruoso, all' iniquo, all' infame Boucher qual è la tempra, ed il carattere dei bravi Corsi; egli quando saprà la maniera con cui finisco i miei giorni dovrà rabbrividare, agghiacciare, e temere, che qualche emulo della mia virtù non si disponga a vendicare l' innocente sagrificato per mezzo della sua iniquità, e de suoi intrighi.

Alle 2. pommeridiane. L' estrema debolezza cessata dopo un' ora, il polso ha ripreso vigore, ed ha conservato fin a quest' ora una regolarità per me spaventosa. Tutto il corpo, niuna parte esclusa, non prova sconcerto, nè alterazione alcuna; scorgo però una diminuzione sensibile nelle forze.

Alle 6. Le mie facoltà intellettuali nello stato attuale sono nel suo stato naturale. La sete ardente, ma tollerabile, la famè cessata intieramente; le forze fisiche diminuiscono sensibilmente, le pulsazioni deboli, ma regolari, la vista chiara, lo stomaco ed il ventre non m' inquietano in alcun modo.

All' ore 10. Polso debole, e regolare, sete ardentissima, niun stimolo per mangiare; tutto il resto del corpo, tanto nel fisico, che nel morale è in sistema, e posizione non enunciante sconcerto alcuno. *Deus in nomine tuo salvum me fac, et in virtute tua libera me.* In queste poche parole latine, vi sono comprese, e ristretti, i miei principj religiosi. Dopo l' età mia di diciassette anni ho sempre creduto in un Dio, Creatore dell' Universo, premiatore dei buoni, e severo castigatore de' malvagj Dopo questo tempo non ho mai creduto nell' uomo.

12. Xbre. Alle nove della mattina. Dalle dieci di jeri sera, fin' all' una dopo mezza notte niun cambiamento, o alterazione, sonno letargico di quattr' ore e mezzo, questo cessato, li movimenti del polso, e la situazione di tutto il corpo non presentavano, che presagi mortali, e funesti, e li sensi tutti in un totale abbattimento: sono vissuto in questo stato più d' un' ora. Alle 6. e mezzo sono risuscitato. In questo momento il polso è debole, ma sempre regolare, e la sete alquanto diminuita.

Alle 6. ore. Polso un poco indebolito, ma regolare nel suo movimento; non ho appetenza per mangiare, sete ardentissima; le facoltà intellettuali in perfetto stato di salute; veglia continua; forze in tutte le parti del corpo.

Alle 10. di sera. Sete ardentissima, pulsazioni debolissime, ed irregolari, cessazione del movimento della sistole e diastole del cuore da piu ore; veglia perseverante, languidezza in tutte le parti, noja straordinaria, insoffribilità della luce.

13. Xbre. Alle 10. della mattina. Sulla mezza notte le pulsazioni diventarono tenuissime, ed intermittenti, sete ardentissima, abbattimento generale di forze. In questa convulsione il buon senso m' abbandonò, e senza il concorso della mia opinione, stimolato da una sete insoffribile, diedi di mano al vaso dell' acqua, e ne bevei un lungo sorso; questa bibita accrebbe la freddezza delle parti; un istante dopo, le mani, i piedi, il naso, le orecchie diventarono intieramente ghiacciati; le pulsazioni allora cessarono intieramente; tutti li segni eran mortali.*

* At this time Viterbi flattered himself that death was at hand; and, stretching himself out on his pallet, exclaimed to the soldiers who were guarding him, "Look, how well I have laid myself out!"

Il medico era arrivato un' ora avanti; questo nei momenti convulsivi in cui non era più in ragione, mi domandò, se io desiderava qualche cosa, e mi offrì del vino; quattro o cinque cucchiaj, che mi furon somministrati, m' han restituito le forze, e la vita; ho dopo il vino bevuto ancora una dose non indifferente d' acqua fresca. Ora mi trovo dappress' a poco, nello stesso stato di jeri mattina; la sete però ha diminuito considerabilmente, e la soffro senza grav' incomodo.

Alle 2. ore. La sete soffribile, pulsazioni regolari ma deboli, niun incomodo notabile nelle parti del corpo, niun' appetenza di mangiare, le pulsazioni del cuore cessate intieramente.

Alle 6. ore. I movimenti del cuore cessati tutt' affatto, polso debole, e basso, sete non tutt' affatto insoffribile, niun' appetenza di mangiare, testa libera, testa sgombra, vista chiara, facoltà intellettuali in buonissimo stato.

Alle 10. della sera. Dopo mezz' ora di sonno placidissimo, un piccolo freddo s' è fatto sentire per la vita; pulsazioni perdute, o quas' impercettibili; sete soffribile, facoltà intellettuali in stato naturale, senz' alterazione alcuna; il freddo benchè leggero, continua, e riprende vigore per tutte le membra; piedi caldi, naso, orecchie freddi.

14. Xbre. All' un' ora. Dopo le convulsioni qui sopra descritte, sonno di trè ore non interrotto in alcun modo, anzi accompagnato da sogni, non atti a funestare, o ad alterare la imaginazione, anzi placido, e tranquillo. Allorchè mi risvegliai, sete ardente, pulsazioni debolissime, quelle del cuore tutt' affatto sopite, facoltà dell' anima in buon stato, forze fisiche alquanto più abbattute del giorno antecedente.

Alle 7. di sera. Dopo l' un' ora pomeridiana, i gradi

di sete si sono accresciuti fuor di modo; le palpitazioni del polso ora vigorose, ora debolissime, ma sempre regolari; i movimenti del cuore cessati intieramente; forze fisiche, e morali, si trovano in buon stato, per quanto lo permette la situazione dell' indebolito mio corpo. „Tutto il mondo m' ha abbandonato, ma serbo, e serberò finch' avrò vitâ, dei miei beni il miglior, la mia costanza.

Lunedì a sera, giorno dieci del mese corrente, l' ardore della sete fu così violento, che avendomi riempita la bocca d' acqua, non potei resistere, e fui obbligato ad inghiottirla. Nella convulsione del dodici, in presenza del medico bevei più d' un bicchiere d' acqua, ed in quella del tredici poco più di mezzo bicchiere: in totalità non può arrivare al mezzo litro, e questo nello spazio di giorni dodici, e mezzo. Inappetenza completa.

Alle 10. della sera. La sete insoffribile, come nel resto del giorno; pulsazioni febbrili, calore per tutt' il corpo; niun sintomo annunciante convulsioni simili a quelle delle due notti precedenti. Dopo il due decembre, io sono stato privato d' ogni sorte di consolazione. Niuna notizia della mia famiglia. Ai miei parenti, che si trovano in città è stato proibito l' accesso a queste prigioni. Sette inesorabili militari han passato la notte, ed il giorno nella piccola stanza ove sono rinchiuso, osservando con un inquisitoriale rigore, ogni benchè minimo mio moto, gesto, o parola; una tanta barbara, e strana circospezione è piu conveniente alle prigioni d' un serraglio, o d' un Pascià di San Giovanni d' Acri, ch' a quelle dell' umano governo della Francia. Mi si vuol impedir di morire, ma io spero, e mi lusingo, di rendere infruttuosi, ed inutili, tutti gli sforzi, tutt' i mezzi, e tutte le misure state poste in uso dal Ministero pubblico.

15. Xbre. Alle 10. della mattina. Dalle dieci di

sera fin' alle trè dopo mezza notte pulsazioni vigorose, calor febbrile in tutto il corpo, sete caldissima; ripôso placido fin' alle sei, svenimento, e deliquio di mezz' ora; ripigliai i sensi dopo le sei e mezzo, niuna pulsazione fin' alle sette; dalle sette alle dodici le pulsazioni tenuissime, e bassissime.

16. Xbre. Dalle 10. fin' alle 4. sete ardentissima, calma in tutto il resto; dopo le quattro vigorose pulsazioni accompagnate da calor febbrile. Ad un' ora dopo mezza notte sonno tranquillo. Alle due mancanza di pulsazioni. Alle trè il polso ha incominciato a farsi debolissimamente sentire. Sono vicino alle sette, ed il movimento è tanto debole da farmi credere vicino il fine dei giorni miei, e delle mie angoscie.

Questo mio giornale sarà consegnato dopo la mia morte al mio nipote Giovan Gerolamo Guerrini, il quale avrà cura di somministrarne copia alli Signori Presidenti Mezard, Pasqualini, e Suzzoni, ed il quarto al Signor Rigo, che io priego di riempiere il mio voto, come gliel' ho antecedentemente annunciato a bocca.

17. Xbre. Alle ore dieci. La giornata di jeri fu tranquillissima; sete soffribile, pulsazione regolare, vista chiara, testa libera, stomaco, e ventre in perfetta tranquillità. Mi trovo nello stesso stato nel giorno corrente; il polso pero è debolissimo. Io mojo con l' anima pura, ed innocente, e finisco i miei giorni con quella tranquillità con cui li finirono i Seneca, i Socrati, ed i Petroni.

18. Xbre. All' ore undici. Sono vicino a finire i miei giorni con la serena morte del giusto. La fame più non mi tormenta, la sete intieramente cessata, lo stomaco, ed il ventre in tranquillità; la testa sgombra, la vista chiara, ed infine una calma generale regna, tanto

nel mio cuore, e nella mia coscienza, come in tutto il resto del corpo. I pochi momenti, che mi restano a vivere, scorrono placidamente, come scorre l' acqua d' un piccolo ruscelletto in un' amena e dolce pianura. La lucerna è vicina ad estinguersi, per mancanza d' umido capace ad alimentare il lume.*

(*Segnato*) ANTONIO VITERBI.

* Here terminates the Journal, but Viterbi did not die until the 20th. Just before he expired he stretched himself out as on the former occasion, adding, " I am prepared to leave this world, " and then died instantly.

APPENDIX B.

COSTITUZIONE DEL REGNO DI CORSICA.

Decretata, nell' Anno 1794, in Corte.

I Rappresentanti del Popolo Corso, libero, ed indipendente, legalmente radunati in Assemblea generale, e specialmente autorizzati a formare il presente Atto Costituzionale, lo hanno unanimemente decretato sotto gli auspicj dell' Ente Supremo, e nella maniera che segue:

Titolo Primo.

Della natura della Costituzione, e de' Poteri che la compongono.

Art. I. La Costituzione della Corsica è Monarchica, secondo le seguenti Leggi fondamentali.

Art. II. Il Potere Legislativo risiede nel Rè, e nei Rappresentanti del Popolo legalmente eletti, e convocati.

ART. III. La legislatura composta del Rè, e dei Rappresentanti del Popolo, ha il nome di Parlamento; l' Assemblea dei Rappresentanti del Popolo ha il nome di Camera di Parlamento, ed i Rappresentanti hanno il nome di Membri di Parlamento.

TITOLO II.

Del numero, ed elezione del Parlamento, e delle sue funzioni.

ART. I. Il numero dei Membri del Parlamento è fissato a due per Pieve, secondo la divisione del Territorio, che sarà formata sotto nome di Pievi. I luoghi marittimi, la di cui popolazione arriverà a trè mila anime, e al di sopra, hanno il diritto di dare due Membri di Parlamento. I Vescovi che esercitano le funzioni dell' Episcopato in Corsica, saranno Membri del Parlamento.

ART. II. I Membri di Parlamento saranno eletti da tutti i Cittadini Corsi, maggiori di anni venticinque, domiciliati almeno da un' anno nella Pieve, o nella Città, e possedenti beni fondi.

ART. III. Veruno non potrà esser eletto Membro del Parlamento, se non possiede almeno sei mila lire di beni fondi nella Pieve, che dovrà rappresentare, e paga le contribuzioni in questa proporzione, se non è nato di padre Corso, e non è domiciliato di fatto, cioè, se non ha casa aperta almeno da cinque anni nella detta Pieve, e se non ha venticinque anni compiti.

ART. IV. I Pensionarj, fuori che quelli, che lo sono a vita, gl' Impiegati alle imposizioni indirette, i Ricevitori, e Collettori delle tasse, quelli che hanno pensione,

o sono al servizio di una Potenza straniera, i Preti, non possono essere Membri della Camera di Parlamento.

ART. V. La forma dell' elezione sarà determinata dalla Legge.

ART. VI. Se un Membro di Parlamento muore, o diviene inabile, secondo la Legge, ad essere Membro di Parlamento, un' altro Membro sarà eletto per la sua Pieve, fra quindici giorni, per ordine del Rè.

ART. VII. La Camera di Parlamento ha il diritto di decretare tutti gli atti, che sono destinati ad avere forza di Leggi.

ART. VIII. I decreti della Camera di Parlamento non avranno forza di Leggi, se non sono sanzionati dal Rè.

ART. IX. Verun decreto, che non sia reso dalla Camera di Parlamento, e sanzionato dal Rè, non sarà riputato, nè eseguito come Legge.

ART. X. Veruna imposizione, tassa, o contribuzione pubblica, non potrà essere imposta senza il consenso del Parlamento, e senza essere specialmente accordata da lui.

ART. XI. Il Parlamento ha il diritto di accusare, a nome della Nazione, tutti gli Agenti del Governo, rei di prevaricazione, nanti il Tribunale straordinario da indicarsi.

ART. XII. I casi di prevaricazione saranno determinati dalla Legge.

TITOLO III.

Della durata, e convocazione del Parlamento.

ART. I. La durata di un Parlamento sarà di due anni.

ART. II. Il Rè può sciogliere il Parlamento.

ART. III. In caso di dissoluzione del Parlamento, il Rè ne convocherà un' altro fra quaranta giorni.

ART. IV. Quelli che erano Membri di un Parlamento sciolto, possono esser eletti membri del successivo.

ART. V. Se il Parlamento finisce senza dissoluzione, un' altro sarà convocato per ordine del Rè fra quaranta giorni.

ART. VI. Il Rè può prorogare il Parlamento.

ART. VII. Il Parlamento non può essere convocato, o assemblato, che per ordine del Rè.

ART. VIII. Lo spazio che passa fra la riunione della Camera alla prorogazione, o se non è prorogata, fino alla dissoluzione, o se non è sciolta, fino all' espirazione, ha il nome di Sessione di Parlamento.

ART. IX. Il Vice Rè, o in caso di malattia, i Commissarj nominati da lui a questo effetto, farà in persona l' apertura delle Sessioni, e dichiarerà le cause della convocazione.

ART. X. La Camera del Parlamento può essa stessa aggiornarsi, e riunirsi durante una Sessione.

ART. XI. La Camera deciderà le contestazioni concernenti le elezioni de' suoi Membri.

ART. XII. I membri del Parlamento non possono essere arrestati, nè imprigionati per debiti, durante la loro rappresentazione.

TITOLO IV.

Del modo di deliberare, della libertà delle deliberazioni, e dell' ordine interiore del Parlamento.

ART. I. Dopo l' apertura del Parlamento dal Vice Rè, o i suoi Commissarj, come e detto di sopra, i Mem-

bri presenti si uniranno sotto la presidenza di un Decano, che sceglierà un Segretario provvisorio fra loro; procederanno alla nomina di un Presidente, e di uno, o due Segretarj. I Segretarj saranno scelti fuori della Camera del Parlamento, e potranno essere rinviati per decreto della medesima.

ART. II. Il parlamento convocato in tutti i casi di sopra espressi, ha la facoltà di fare decreti, e deliberare, quando trovasi al di sopra della metà.

ART. III. Tutti i Membri eletti, e non comparenti, saranno intimati a rendersi al loro posto fra giorni quindici, per parte del Presidente della Camera.

ART. IV. Se non compariscono, o non adducono legittima scusa a giudizio della Camera, saranno condannati ad un' emenda di duecento lire.

ART. V. Il Parlamento può dare congedi, e permettere le assenze ai Membri che ne domandano, quando però trovasi al di sopra della metà.

ART. VI. Tutte le proposizioni fatte in Parlamento, saranno decise alla maggiorità dei Membri presenti; il Presidente darà il suo voto in caso di eguaglianza.

ART. VII. Le forme, e procedure nel decretare leggi, e determinare altri affari nella Camera, che non fossero fissate dalla presente Constituzione, saranno regolate dalla Camera stessa.

ART. VIII. La sanzione, o la ricusa, sarà pronunziata dal Rappresentante del Rè, nella Camera del Parlamento in persona, o per mezzo di una Commissione speciale in caso di malattia.

ART. IX. La formola della Sanzione sarà — IL RE *approva*; quella della ricusa — IL RE *esaminerà*. I Decreti della Camera sanzionati dal Rè, hanno il nome di Atti di Parlamento.

ART. X. Verun Membro del Parlamento non potrà essere ricercato, o punito dagli Agenti del Rè, o da qualunque altra autorità, per le opinioni manifestate, e le massime professate nella Camera, fuorchè dalla Camera stessa.

ART. XI. Il Presidente del Parlamento ha il diritto di richiamare all' ordine uno de' suoi Membri, quando si mette nel caso; la Camera può censurare, arrestare, ed imprigionare uno de' suoi Membri durante la Sessione.

TITOLO V.

Dell' esercizio del Potere esecutivo.

ART. I. Il Rè avrà in Corsica un suo Rappresentante immediato, col titolo di Vice Rè.

ART. II. Il Vice Rè avrà la facoltà di sanzionare, o ricusare il consenso Reale ai decreti della Camera del Parlamento.

ART. III. Avrà inoltre la facoltà di fare, in nome del Rè, tutti gli atti del Governo, che sono della competenza del Rè. Vi sarà un Consiglio, ed un Segretario di Stato nominato dal Rè; e negli ordini del Vice Rè sarà fatta menzione di aver preso il parere del detto Consiglio, e saranno sottoscritti dal Segretario.

ART. IV. Il Popolo ha il diritto di petizione tanto al Vice Rè, quanto alla Camera. I Corpi costituiti, e riconosciuti dalla Legge possono petizionare in Corpo; gli altri però nella loro capacità individuale solamente, ed una petizione non sarà giammai presentata da più di venti persone, qualunque sia il numero de' Segnatarj.

ART. V. La Camera del Parlamento può domandare al Rè il rinvio del Vice Rè; essa si dirigerà in tal caso

al Rè nel suo Consiglio privato. Il Vice-Rè sarà tenuto di trasmettere l' indirizzo, sulla requisizione, della Camera, al Rè, fra lo spazio di quindici giorni dopo la requisizione, e la Camera potrà essa stessa trasmetterla al Rè, anche per mezzo di una Deputazione: ma in tutti i casi la Camera è tenuta a presentare al Vice Rè, quindici giorni avanti la partenza dell' *indirizzo*, copia del medesimo, e delle scritture che l' accompagnano.

ART. VI. Il Rè ha la disposizione esclusiva di tutti gli affari militari, e provvede alla sicurezza interna, ed esterna del Paese.

ART. VII. Il Rè dichiara la Guerra, e conchiude la Pace: non potrà però mai in verun caso, nè per qualsivoglia ragione, cedere, alienare o in qualunque modo pregiudicare l' unità, e l' indivisibilità della Corsica, e sue dipendenze.

ART. VIII. Il Rè nomina a tutti gl'impieghi del Governo.

ART. IX. Gl' impieghi ordinarj di Giustizia, d' Amministrazione di danari pubblici, saranno conferiti ai Corsi, o naturalizzati Corsi, in virtù della Legge.

TITOLO VI.

Della Giustizia, e della divisione de' Tribunali.

ART. I. La Giustizia sarà resa a nome del Rè, e gli ordini, eseguiti dagli Agenti nominati da Lui, secondo la Legge.

ART. II. Vi sarà un Tribunale Supremo, composto di cinque Giudici, ed un' Avvocato del Rè, e risiederà in Corte.

ART. III. Vi sarà un Presidente in ciascuna delle nove Giurisdizioni ed un' Avvocato del Rè.

ART. IV. Le funzioni dei detti rispettivi Tribunali, la Gerarchia, e gli onorarj, saranno fissati dalla Legge.

ART. V. Vi sarà in ogni Pieve un Podestà.

ART. VI. In ogni Comunità vi sarà una Municipalità nominata dal Popolo, e le di lei funzioni saranno determinate dalla Legge.

ART. VII. I delitti che meritano pena afflittiva, o infamante, saranno giudicati dai Giudici, e da un *Giurato*.

ART. VIII. Il Rè ha il diritto di far grazia, secondo le medesime regole, colle quali esercita questa prerogativa in Inghilterra.

ART. IX. Tutte le cause civili, criminali, di commercio, o di qualunque altra natura, saranno terminate in Corsica in prima, ed ultima istanza.

TITOLO VII.

Del Tribunale Straordinario.

ART. I. Vi sarà un Tribunale straordinario composto di cinque Giudici nominati dal Rè, ed incaricati di giudicare, sull' accusa della Camera del Parlamento, o sù quella del Re, tutti i delitti di prevaricazione, o d' alto tradimento, sempre però coll' intervenzione del *Giurato*.

ART. II. La natura dei detti delitti, e la forma del giudizio saranno determinati da una legge particolare.

ART. III. I Membri del Tribunale non si uniranno che nei casi in cui vi sarà qualche decreto di accusa della Camera, o del Rè, ed appena reso il giudizio saranno tenuti di sciogliersi.

TITOLO VIII.

Della Libertà individuale, e di quella della Stampa.

ART. I. Veruno non potrà essere privato della di lui libertà, e proprietà, se non per ordine dei Tribunali riconosciuti dalla Legge, e nei casi, e secondo le forme da essa prescritte.

ART. II. Qualunque sarà arrestato, o messo in luogo di detenzione, dovrà essere condotto fra ventiquattr' ore nanti il Tribunale competente, perchè la causa della sua detenzione sia giudicata secondo la Legge.

ART. III. Nel caso in cui l'arresto fosse dichiarato vessatorio, avrà il diritto di riclamare i danni ed interessi nanti i Tribunali competenti.

ART. IV. La libertà della Stampa è decretata, salvo a rispondere degli abusi secondo la Legge.

ART. V. Ogni Corso potrà liberamente uscire dal proprio paese, ed entrarvi colle di lui proprietà uniformandosi ai regolamenti, e leggi di Polizia generale, praticati in simili casi.

TITOLO IX.

Della Bandiera, e Navigazione Corsa.

ART. I. La Bandiera porterà la testa di Moro, unita colle Armi del Rè, secondo la forma, che sarà comandata dal Rè.

ART. II. Il Rè darà la medesima protezione al commercio, ed alla navigazione della Corsica, che a quelli degli altri suoi sudditi.

ART. III. Il Popolo di Corsica altamente penetrato dai sentimenti di riconoscenza verso Sua Maestà IL RE DELLA GRAN BRETAGNA, e la NAZIONE INGLESE, per la Real munificenza e protezione, con la quale la Corsica è sempre stata trattata, e che gli viene più particolarmente assicurata mediante il presente Atto Costituzionale,

Dichiara che riguarderà come suo proprio ogni impegno, che in guerra, o in pace, sarà intrapreso per la gloria di Sua Maestà, e per gli interessi dell' Impero della Gran Bretagna in generale: ed il Parlamento di Corsica si mostrerà sempre propenso, e condiscendente ad adottare i regolamenti conciliabili colla presente sua Costituzione, che per l'estensione, e vantaggi del commercio esterno dell' Impero, e di tutte le sue dipendenze, saranno presi da Sua Maestà nel suo Parlamento della Gran Bretagna.

TITOLO X.

Della Religione.

ART. I. La Religione Cristiana, Cattolica, Apostolica Romana, in tutta la sua purità Evangelica, sarà la sola Nazionale in Corsica.

ART. II. La Camera del Parlamento è autorizzata a prefiggere il numero delle Parrocchie, fissare la congrua, e prendere le misure per assicurare l' esercizio dell' Episcopato in Corsica, concertando colla Santa Sede.

ART. III. Tutti gli altri Culti sono tollerati.

TITOLO XI.

Della Corona, e della di Lei successione.

Il Monarca, e Rè della Corsica, è sua Maestà GIORGIO III. Rè della Gran Bretagna, e li di Lui Successori, secondo l'ordine della successione al Trono della Gran Bretagna.

TITOLO XII.

Dell' accettazione della Corona, e della Costituzione del Regno di Corsica.

ART. I. Il presente Atto Costituzionale sarà presentato a SUA MAESTÀ, IL RÈ DELLA GRAN BRETAGNA, e per lui a Sua Eccellenza il Sig. Cavaliere Gilberto Elliot, di lui Commissario Plenipotenziario, e specialmente autorizzato a tal' effetto.

ART. II. Nell' atto dell' accettazione, SUA MAESTÀ, ed in suo nome, il di Lei Plenipotenziario, giurerà di *mantenere la Libertà del Popolo Corso secondo la Costituzione, e la Legge*, ed il medesimo giuramento sarà prestato da' suoi Successori ad ogni avvenimento al TRONO.

ART. III. L' Assemblea presterà immediatamente il seguente giuramento, che gli sarà amministrato da Sua Eccellenza il Sig. Cavaliere Elliot: — "*Io giuro per me, ed in nome del Popolo Corso, che rappresento, di riconoscere per mio Sovrano, e Rè*, S. M. GIORGIO III. RÈ DELLA GRAN BRETAGNA, di prestargli fede, ed omaggio, secondo la Costituzione, e Leggi della Corsica, e di mantenere la detta Costituzione, e Leggi."

O

ART. IV. Ogni Corso presterà nelle rispettive Comunità il precedente giuramento.

Fatto, e decretato all' unanimità, e dopo tre letture, dall' Assemblea generale del Popolo Corso.

In Corte, questo giorno dicianove Giugno, mille settecento novantaquattro, e sottoscritto individualmente in Assemblea da tutti i Membri che la compongono.

GIURAMENTO DEL MINISTRO PLENIPOTENZIARIO.

Io sottoscritto Cavaliere Baronetto, Membro del Parlamento della Gran Bretagna, Membro del Consiglio privato, e Commissario Plenipotenziario di S. Maestà Britannica, avendo plenipotenza, ed essendo specialmente autorizzato a quest' effetto, accetto in nome di Sua Maestà GIORGIO III. RE DELLA GRAN BRETAGNA, la Corona, e la Sovranità della Corsica, secondo la Costituzione, e le Leggi fondamentali contenute nell' atto della Consulta generale riunita in Corte, e decretata definitivamente, questo stesso giorno dicianove Giugno, e tale e quale è offerta alla MAESTÀ SUA — E giuro in nome di SUA MAESTÀ di mantenere la libertà del Popolo Corso, secondo la Costituzione e la Legge. —

La presente Accettazione, e Giuramento è da Noi sottoscritto, e munito del nostro Sigillo.

(*Sottoscritto*) ELLIOT.

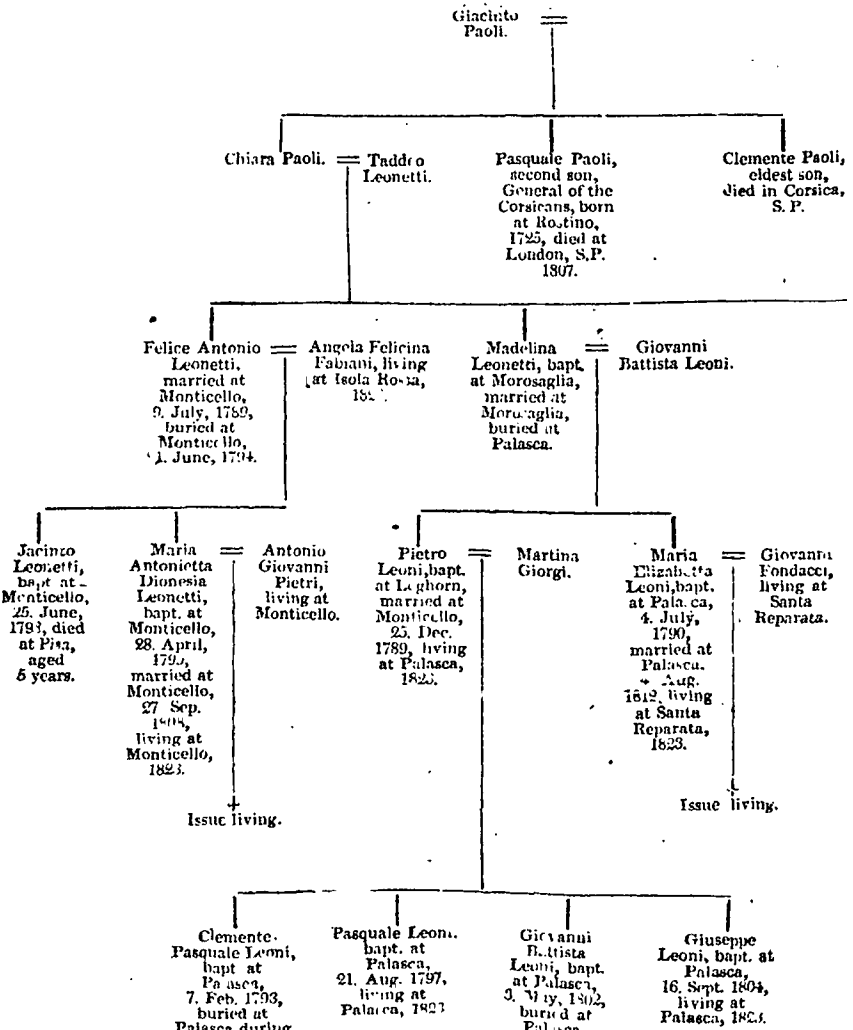
L. S.

GIURAMENTO DEL PRESIDENTE E DEPUTATI.

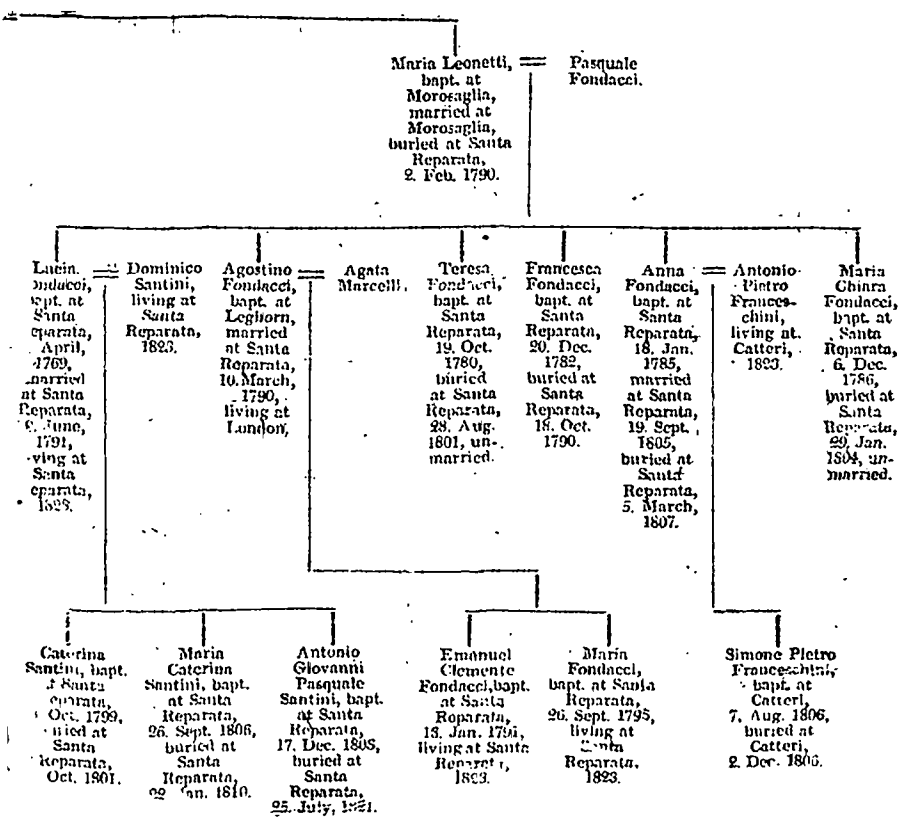
" Io giuro per me, ed in nome del Popolo Corso che rappresento, di riconoscere per mio Sovrano, e Rè, Sua Maestà GIORGIO III. RE DELLA GRAN BRETAGNA, di prestargli fede ed omaggio, secondo la Costituzione delle Leggi della Corsica, e di mantenere la detta Costituzione e Leggi."

Confrontato coll' originale.

PASQUALE DE PAOLI, *Presidente.*
Carlo Andrea Pozzodiborgo, } *Segretarj.*
Gio. Andrea Muselli, }


Giacinto Paoli.
Chiara Paoli.
Taddeo Leonetti.
Pasquale Paoli, second son, General of the Corsicans, born at Rostino, 1725, died at London, S.P. 1807.
Clemente Paoli, eldest son, died in Corsica, S. P.
Felice Antonio Leonetti, married at Monticello, 9. July, 1789, buried at Monticello, 1. June, 1794.
Angela Felicina Fabiani, living at Isola Rossa, 182[illegible].
Madelina Leonetti, bapt. at Morosaglia, married at Morosaglia, buried at Palasca.
Giovanni Battista Leoni.
Jacinto Leonetti, bapt. at Monticello, 25. June, 1793, died at Pisa, aged 5 years.
Maria Antonietta Dionesia Leonetti, bapt. at Monticello, 28. April, 179[illegible], married at Monticello, 27 Sep. 180[illegible], living at Monticello, 1823.
Antonio Giovanni Pietri, living at Monticello.
Issue living.
Pietro Leoni, bapt. at Leghorn, married at Monticello, 25. Dec. 1789, living at Palasca, 1823.
Martina Giorgi.
Maria Elizabetta Leoni, bapt. at Palasca, 4. July, 1790, married at Palasca, [illegible] Aug. 1812, living at Santa Reparata, 1823.
Giovanna Fondacci, living at Santa Reparata.
Issue living.
Clemente Pasquale Leoni, bapt at Palasca, 7. Feb. 1793, buried at Palasca during the life of General Paoli.
Pasquale Leoni, bapt. at Palasca, 21. Aug. 1797, living at Palasca, 1823
Giovanni Battista Leoni, bapt. at Palasca, 3. May, 1802, buried at Palasca, 1. Feb. 1810
Giuseppe Leoni, bapt. at Palasca, 16. Sept. 1804, living at Palasca, 1823.

the Father of General PAOLI.


Maria Leonetti, bapt. at Morosaglia, married at Morosaglia, buried at Santa Reparata, 2. Feb. 1790.
Pasquale Fondacci.
Lucia. ndacci, pt. at Santa parata, April, 1769, married at Santa Reparata, 9. June, 1791, ving at Santa eparata, 1828.
Dominico Santini, living at Santa Reparata, 1823.
Agostino Fondacci, bapt. at Leghorn, married at Santa Reparata, 10. March, 1790, living at London.
Agata Marcelli.
Teresa Fondacci, bapt. at Santa Reparata, 19. Oct. 1780, buried at Santa Reparata, 28. Aug. 1801, unmarried.
Francesca Fondacci, bapt. at Santa Reparata, 20. Dec. 1782, buried at Santa Reparata, 18. Oct. 1790.
Anna Fondacci, bapt. at Santa Reparata, 18. Jan. 1785, married at Santa Reparata, 19. Sept. 1805, buried at Santa Reparata, 5. March, 1807.
Antonio Pietro Franceschini, living at Catteri, 1823.
Maria Chiara Fondacci, bapt. at Santa Reparata, 6. Dec. 1786, buried at Santa Reparata, 29. Jan. 1804, unmarried.
Caterina Santini, bapt. at Santa eparata, Oct. 1799, ried at Santa Reparata, Oct. 1801.
Maria Caterina Santini, bapt. at Santa Reparata, 26. Sept. 1806, buried at Santa Reparata, 29 Jan. 1810.
Antonio Giovanni Pasquale Santini, bapt. at Santa Reparata, 17. Dec. 1808, buried at Santa Reparata, 25. July, 1821.
Emanuel Clemente Fondacci, bapt. at Santa Reparata, 13. Jan. 1791, living at Santa Reparata, 1823.
Maria Fondacci, bapt. at Santa Reparata, 26. Sept. 1795, living at Santa Reparata, 1823.
Simone Pietro Franceschini, bapt. at Catteri, 7. Aug. 1806, buried at Catteri, 2. Dec. 1806.

A Table showing the Quantities of Corn produced and consumed in the Arrondissement of Calvi, during the Years indicated below.

Years of sowing.	Quantity of Land tilled.	Quantity of Grain sown.	Years of reaping.	Population	Consumption.			Quantity reaped.	Excess.	Deficiency.	Observations.
					Quantity used as food	Quantity used for sowing.	Total.				
	Acres.	Bushels		Persons.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Besides what has been cleared, the arrondissement contains 2600 acres of good land, fit to be grubbed up for the purposes of cultivation; and 7740 acres of marshy land, which could be easily drained. An improved mode of sowing would still augment its corn produce. However, the arrondissement buys so much corn as the excess of its consumption over its produce renders necessary.
—	—	—	1811	18770	153920	31984	191904	60006	—	131898	
1811	7881	2[illegible]900	1812	17054	145800	29059	174859	201100	26241	—	
1812	8019	37808	1813	17932	152781	30556	183337	136132	—	47205	
1813	10554	37829	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
—	—	—	1817	19053	162331	32467	194798	99647	—	95151	
1817	6245	23714	1818	18927	161258	32251	193509	168286	—	93862	
1818	7794	26068	1819	19035	159338	32436	191774	162596	—	29178	
1819	7938	36605	1820	19035	162178	32483	194614	129682	—	70382	
1820	7362	33134	1821	19479	165961	33191	199152	186298	—	12854	
1821	11091	49876									

ERRATA.

Page 2. line 22. after "Battalion" insert "of"
21. line 24. after "notion" insert "of"
59. line 20. for "opportuunity" read "opportunity"
61. line 19. after "striking" insert "and"
93. line 17. for "aborrence" read "abhorrence"
121. line 6. for "attachment" read "attachments"
128. line 27. for "Canzone" read "Canzoni"
158. line 18. for "sub-prefect" read "sub-prefects"

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Ajaccio..... *to face the Title.*
Ponte Vecchio..... *page* 26
Corte..... 30
Costumes..... 37
The house in which Paoli was born..... 97

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